# The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 24. Vol. IV. SEPTEMBER, 1893. Price Sixpence.

## NOTICES.

*All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the* Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

*No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.*

*All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the* 15th *of* September *will be noticed in the* October *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th October, *in the* November *number.*

## NEW VOLUME OF THE BOOKMAN.

*Our next number, for October, will commence a new volume, which will be printed on a new paper, with the view of enabling us to give more illustrations and to produce them more effectively. It will contain the first of a series of papers on*

THE LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS OF LONDON.

By W. Robertson Nicoll.

*These will be copiously illustrated from new photographs. In the same number will be commenced a series of*

Articles Specially Addressed to Young Authors.

## NEWS NOTES.

It will be learned with interest that the enterprising proprietor of the *New York Herald* has engaged M. Paul Bourget to go to America and spend several months in American society, with the view of writing an American novel, which is first to be issued in Mr. Bennett's journal.

We are also able to announce that Mr. Bennett has purchased from M. Zola the right to publish his new novel on the Lourdes Pilgrimage. This will appear in the *New York Herald* before it is published in Paris. The price paid to M. Zola is, we understand, £1,000.

Mr. P. G. Hamerton, who has left his delightful house at Autun, and is now resident at Boulogne-sur-Seine, near Paris, has written his autobiography. It has been placed, we understand, in his publisher's safe, and at present he does not mean that it should see the light till after his death. One may be certain that there will be nothing in Mr. Hamerton's autobiography which might not very well be published in his lifetime, and we hope that he will change his mind.

Mr. Quiller Couch has nearly completed the revision for press of his next volume of short stories. It will be entitled 'The Delectable Duchy,' and will probably be published in November. Mr. Couch is still engaged on the novel which we mentioned some months ago. The hero is a Wesleyan Methodist minister, and the book will contain pictures of the early history of Methodism in Cornwall. The title will probably be 'Dozmarè,' from the name of the heroine.

Mr. Baring Gould has nearly completed his new story which is to run through *Good Words* next year. He is also busy on a book on the Deserts of Central France, which is expected to appear in the autumn.

This indefatigable author has written a libretto for an opera based on his novel, 'The Red Spinner.' We believe that when the opera is produced it will be found to contain some of the Devonshire and Cornwall songs which Mr. Gould has so diligently collected.

Mr. Baring Gould is also writing a series of short stories, entitled 'Idylls of Dartmoor,' for the new magazine, the *Woman at Home*, to be issued by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton in October.

We understand that a new book from Mr. Hardy may be expected in the winter. It will probably be a collection of short stories, and will be issued by Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine and Co. We believe that within a very few years all Mr. Hardy's books will pass into the hands of this firm.

Mr. Edmund Gosse has in preparation a volume which will be of deep interest to students of literature, the Letters of Thomas Lovell Beddoes, author of 'Death's Jest Book. The Beddoes papers in a black box were handed to Mr. Robert Browning, who was a warm admirer of Beddoes' poetry. When the box was opened by Mr. Browning and Mr. Gosse, and found to contain the painful particulars about Beddoes' suicide, Mr. Browning seemed unwilling to go on with the work, and it was taken up by Mr. Gosse, who has issued the poems, and will now complete his task by the publication of the prose. Messrs. Elkin Mathews and John Lane will be the publishers.

Mr. Gosse, in conjunction with Dr. Jessopp, is engaged on a life of John Donne. How deeply Dr. Jessopp has studied the subject, his article in the 'Dictionary of National Biography' sufficiently shows. Not a few of Donne's manuscripts, never hitherto published, are in his possession. Mr. Gosse, by a lucky purchase at a sale some years ago, acquired a valuable manuscript of the poems, and the new Life will doubtless be a permanent addition to biographical literature. The letters, we believe, will be edited and arranged by Dr. Jessopp, and the memoir written by Mr. Gosse.

We understand that the *Pall Mall Magazine* pays Mr. Rudyard Kipling as much as £100 for each of his ballads.

Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine and Co. will issue in the autumn the Letters of James Russell Lowell. They are pronounced by those who have read them to be among the raciest

letters in the English language. They are all in type, and we are glad to hear that an elaborate index is being prepared.

Mr. Connor Sydney's work on the social condition of England at the commencement of the present century will not be published till next year at the very earliest, when it will appear simultaneously in London and New York. The forthcoming work, like Mr. Sydney's previous volumes on the eighteenth century, will contain much curious information, derived from sources unfamiliar and not generally accessible.

Mr. Albert Vandam, author of 'An Englishman in Paris,' is now engaged upon a work of fiction which he proposes calling 'The Mystery of the Patrician's Club.' Mr. Vandam was, we believe, at one time Paris correspondent of the London *Globe*.

Mr. John Macdonell, LL.D., is preparing for the press his lectures on Symbolism, recently delivered at the Royal Institution. The volume will be issued by Mr. Nutt.

**Editors and Contributors.**

The points on which editors and contributors are at variance are mainly three. They are, first, the payment of articles; next, their return; and in the third place, the alleged favour shown to old writers over new.

As regards the first of these, there is, we imagine, a genuine grievance, though it is not altogether easy to see how it can be remedied. Articles are often accepted and held over for months, and even years, while the writer receives no payment. It may be said that the publisher does not receive anything for the article until it is inserted in his periodical. But it is impossible not to feel that at least in cases of long delay, some arrangement should be made with the author. He should receive at least part of his payment, and should have the option, if he chooses, of withdrawing his paper. As to rates of payment, the only course open to contributors is either to stipulate for a certain sum or to note the amount received for their first article. They ought not to receive less for their future papers, unless expressly warned to that effect. If they find the first payment insufficient, they should transfer their work to more liberal quarters. It should be remembered, however, that it is to the interest of contributors to have channels for their writings, even although the payment is not so high as they wish. The difference of a guinea a page in the rate of payment settles, in most cases, whether a journal pays its way. For example, a sixpenny weekly paper paying from two guineas to £2 10s. a page may be a fair property. To raise the payment one guinea a page increases the yearly expenses more than £1,500, and may put the balance upon the wrong side. Yet there is a class of article which can only be published in the sixpenny weekly papers, and it is not for the general interest of writers that any of them should be brought to an end.

The next question is the return of manuscripts. Most of those who did us the honour to respond to our invitation seemed to think that an editor examines manuscripts in his office with a boy beside him, who, whenever an adverse decision is arrived at, is ready to pack up the paper and send it off. As a matter of fact, editors frequently take manuscripts home with them to read in their scanty leisure. They find that no name is written on the manuscript itself. The contributor has written a letter, considering that sufficient, and the letter is not to be found. The discussion of this subject in our pages would be productive of great good if it led every writer for the press to resolve that henceforth he or she would send no manuscripts anywhere without writing distinctly on the manuscript, and preferably at the head of it, his or her name and address. Then, again, it will hardly be believed how many writers fail to enclose stamps at the time. They do so afterwards, when their papers have been completely forgotten. This should not be expected save when stamps are sent with the article. Further, an editor has a perfect right to say that he will not under any conditions return manuscripts. That means that he does not wish manuscripts to be sent to him, that he relies in the main upon his staff. If, notwithstanding this, readers choose to send him papers, they must do so at their own risk. It is surely reasonable to claim that those who write for a paper should ascertain its name and character, and make themselves acquainted with the editor's rules. There is, however, one real grievance in this matter. It is that often writers are kept long in uncertainty about the fate of their contributions. As a rule, when a paper is accepted the fact should be made known within a month, and when a writer does not hear within a month he should be considered free to send his work elsewhere. The adoption of this rule would, we are persuaded, materially smooth the path of young writers.

But their main grievance is the difficulty of getting in at all. New writers think that their work is better than much that they see in print, and they cannot understand why they are ungraciously kept back. Well, to begin with, readers set great store by names. It would be very difficult to found a magazine in these days without them. Then editors are not at liberty to discard old contributors for new without grave reason. Even an editor has a kindly feeling for a contributor who has served him long and faithfully. He is not willing to lose his services, and will not do so if he can possibly avoid it. How, then, are young writers to get a start? The answer is, they should be content to begin at the beginning, and write at first in obscure papers and for small payments, and to work their way upwards. There are many of them who from the beginning bombard the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Saturday Review*, *Macmillan*, and journals of similar standing. We are of those who believe that it is possible to make a way in literature with very little experience of rejected contributions. Good work on the local provincial journal will after a while begin to pay, and when that comes to pass the writer will have secured, as a rule, so much experience and sense, that he will see what is the next step to take. It must be said that a very large number of those who are most aggrieved at the treatment they receive from editors are manifestly incapable of doing any good literary work, and should turn their energies to something else.

One comfort is that while there are increasing grievances between editors and would-be contributors, misunderstandings between an editor and his regular staff are exceedingly

rare. This surely is a proof that editors are not the monsters of depravity which some would make them out. Young writers will find it wise not to pick quarrels with editors if they can possibly help it. There are men of genuine ability who can get no footing in periodical work at present, simply because they have got the reputation of being punctilious on unimportant matters and quarrelsome. There are few editors who have time for wretched personal controversies, and the mere sight of a name on a manuscript is in many cases quite sufficient to secure their rejection. Where there are cases of gross dishonesty redress must be sought and found, but as a rule the literary aspirant cannot spend his time to worse purpose than in picking a quarrel.

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In the Life of Bronson Alcott, just published by Mr. Unwin, there are a few interesting references to English books. Emerson says in 1850, "Look at the novels of the day. We have stronger, better tales than ever before, stories in which great problems are stated. Take the novel 'Jane Eyre.' The question there may be settled in two ways. Rochester stands for individualism. He must be satisfied. He has a right to happiness, let the laws and conventions go. But Jane settled it in her way. The conventions must stand. The world is not to be forgotten. Other novels present the same question with less vigour and energy."

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Under date Sunday, 15th October, 1854, Alcott writes: "I read with surprise and admiration Henry Sutton's new book, just published in London by John Chapman, entitled 'Quinquenergia,' or proposals for a new theology. This is a truly original and mystic book, the work of a profound religious genius, combining the remarkable sense of William Law with the subtlety of Böhme and the piety of Pascal. The author is yet a young man, and one of the few Englishmen whom I should go far to see." Mr. Sutton is, we believe, still alive.

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In December, 1854, the biographer notes: "Mr. Emerson spoke on an English book, 'Christie Johnstone,' written by Charles Reade, which he praised highly, and said it ought to be printed in Boston, and urged Mr. Dwight to do it as a speculation, for it was better than 'Jane Eyre.'" The memoir is full of interesting things, although not remarkable for literary merit. The biography proper is written by Mr. Sanborn, the part on Mr. Alcott's philosophy by Dr. W. T. Harris, editor of the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*.

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The most notable thing in the book is the entire omission of all reference to the "orthodoxy" of Alcott's later years. It will be remembered that Mr. Alcott became a kind of disciple and *protégé* of Mr. Joseph Cook, and was largely referred to in the Boston lectures, in some of which we believe he took part. A single sentence in Dr. Harris's paper will be seen by the initiated to refer to this, but Mr. Sanborn completely ignores it.

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The clever and amusing article on the book in the *Saturday Review* was written by Mr. Gosse. In the first sentence Mr. Gosse says: "A few years ago, shortly after the death of Emerson, an English visitor to the philosophic village of Concord was being shown the Emerson mansion by a native who was not a philosopher. 'This is the window,' she remarked, 'out of which Mr. Emerson used to climb when he saw Mr. Alcott walking up to the front door at the opposite side of the house.' She said this in a business-like way, as though to escape from Alcott were one of the necessary occupations of life, and so indeed it came to be in Concord."

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Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co., New York, have published an authorised edition of Miss Barlow's 'Irish Idylls.' The book contains a new Idyll and a preface written for this edition. We give the preface here:—

In Lisconnel, and other such places, we have a saying that *there are plenty of things besides turf to be found in a bog*. This little book attempts to record some of these things, including, I hope, a proportion of that "human nature" which a certain humourist has declared to exist in considerable quantities among our species. I hope, too, that the phases of it pictured here may have some special interest for American readers, to whose shores the wild boglands of Connaught send so many a forlorn voyager "over oceans of say." They will perhaps care to glance at his old home, and learn the reasons why he leaves it, which seem to lie very obviously on the surface, and the reasons, less immediately apparent, why his neighbours bide behind. It is indeed the fact of those emigrants that chiefly encourages me to believe there may be room and a welcome across the Atlantic for this one emigrant more.

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A consignment of 'Irish Idylls' has been ordered by Lady Aberdeen for the Irish Village in the Chicago Exhibition.

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Mrs. Bain, of Aberdeen, informs us that though she has been for a considerable time a student of Mr. Spencer's works, she never had any intention of writing a criticism of his philosophy as a whole. We are sorry to have been misinformed on the subject.

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Mr. Parker Gilmore, whose articles on sport signed "Ubique" are well known to readers of *Land and Water* and other journals, is contemplating collecting his three volumes, 'Through Gasa Land,' 'The Hunter's Arcadia,' and 'Days and Nights in the Desert,' into one volume at a popular price.

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There was a slight error in our paragraph last month regarding the 'Annals of the Ancient Royal Forest of Exmoor,' to be published shortly by Messrs. Barnicott and Pearce, of Taunton. The number of copies to be printed will be three hundred and fifty—three hundred in demy 4to, and fifty large paper copies in royal 4to.

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"Rita" has just finished a new novel. It is entitled 'The Ending of My Day,' and is a "society" story dealing with literary, journalistic, and artistic life, the scene being laid in London and on the Continent. It is, we hear, of a decidedly outspoken description, and in it "Rita" has some severe things to say about social morality.

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Messrs. Innes have purchased the English and American copyrights of Dr. Wilhelm Busch's 'England unter den Tudors,' and intend to issue the first volume of the English edition early next year. The translation has been undertaken by the Rev. A. H. Johnson, late Fellow and Tutor of All Souls' College, Oxford, and the book will be issued under the superintendence of the author and of Mr. James Gairdner, who will furnish an introduction to the first volume.

**Journalist.** The *English Illustrated Magazine* will from October be edited by Sir William Ingram and Mr. Clement Shorter (editor of the *Illustrated London News* and the *Sketch*). It has been the property of Sir William Ingram for some time. In the hands of Mr. Arnold the *English Illustrated* made great progress, but Sir William Ingram has for a considerable time wished to possess an illustrated magazine, and the resources of the *Illustrated London News* office will no doubt make a notable addition to the strength of the periodical. Mr. Shorter has very definite ideas as to the lines on which such a magazine should be conducted. He will, we understand, devote great space to illustrating the chief subjects occupying the public mind. Among other articles will be a story by the author of 'Dodo,' Mr. E. F. Benson, and a "Conversation" between Miss Katharine Tynan and Miss Jane Barlow. The "Conversations" are likely to displace the ordinary interview, to some extent at least.

We hear that another magazine is likely before long to make its appearance. It is being projected by Lord Mountmorres, and the title will in all probability be *Mountmorres' Magazine*. The present Lord Mountmorres is son of the nobleman whose name will be recollected in connection with the Fenian assassinations.

We have received from the secretary of the Victoria Mutual Assurance Society some particulars relating to assurances effected by journalists in that society. Up to the end of June last, these, under the arrangement made with the Institute of Journalists, show annual premiums amounting to £218 os. 8d. In January, £57 12s.; February, £56. 3s.; March, £12 3s. 6d.; April, £34 18s. 4d.; May, £3 17s. 6d.; June, £53 17s. 2d. Amongst those who have joined are members of the council of the institute, journalists in all parts of the kingdom, including several on the staffs of the London great dailies.

**Bookseller.** A well-known Birmingham bookseller announces in his catalogue that he has for sale "MS. poems by William Watson (some unpublished)." He has, he states, "Five manuscripts all in the handwriting of the poet, some signed and dated, some initialled, and one unsigned, genuine impressions; guarantee of authenticity given if desired." The lot comprises—

*A Night Ride:* A sonnet, afterwards published with some variations in Mr. Watson's first volume under the title of 'Skyfaring,' signed and dated November 25th, 1878. £4 4s.

*In Quest of God:* A fine sonnet, published under the title 'God-seeking,' fully signed. £4 10s.

*Raleigh:* 'For Raleigh's History of the World,' an UNPUBLISHED SONNET, signed J. W. W. Of this poem only two MSS. with the first initial are in existence. £5 5s.

*December:* A sonnet UNPUBLISHED, signed W. W., and dated January 8th, 1880. £5 5s.

*Sleep:* A very fine lyric poem of thirty-one lines, in terza-rima from the third part of "The Prince's Quest," unsigned and undated. £3 10s.

The advertisement concludes as follows—

"This unique collection is offered for twenty guineas as a lot. We may safely say that the opportunity of procuring MSS. of this extraordinary genius may never occur again."

**American.** Mr. Goldwin Smith has written a 'History of the United States' in one volume. The book will be published by Messrs. Macmillan in New York and it is expected it will give rise to considerable discussion in the States.

We regret to note that Mrs. Hooker, sister of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, stated at a meeting of the American Society of Authors at Chicago that Mrs. Stowe received only a small royalty from 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and that her income is now so depleted by the expiration of the royalty that she is in danger of actual want in her old age.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Co. will shortly publish a new novel by Miss Helen Dawes Brown, entitled 'The Petrie Estate.'

Readers of Mrs. Wiggin's stories will be interested to hear of their popularity here and in her own country. The 'Birds' Christmas Carol' has, we understand, had a sale in the States of upwards of 95,000. It has been translated into French and German, and is set in the type for the blind. It is a favourite with public reciters in the States. A popular illustrated edition of 'The Birds' and of the 'Story of Patsy' is about to be issued by Messrs. Gay and Bird. 'Timothy's Quest' sold steadily until February 4th, 1893, when Baron de Book-Worms gave it such a boom that four editions of a thousand have been sold since, and the demand is daily increasing. This work had the honour of being refused by six leading houses. Of 'A Cathedral Courtship' 2,000 have been sold since its publication in June last, and the demand even in this dull season is steady and good.

Our portrait of Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin is from a photograph by Mr. J. Thompson, Grosvenor Street, W.

**Continental.** Le Docteur Robinet's new study of Condorcet, 'Condorcet sa Vie et son Œuvre' (Quantin), is a work of considerable historical value. It is unconventional in tone, and does not merely echo the orthodox views on the subject. Dr. Robinet writes from the Positivist standpoint, and with the Positivists Condorcet has always been a hero.

Two works, both of literary and musical interest, have recently appeared in Germany. The one is 'Franz Liszt's Briefe,' 2 vols. (Breitkopf and Härtel). Liszt was a copious and a delightful letter-writer, and his correspondence with Wagner is especially full of value and interest. Many of the letters are written in French. The other is Rubinstein's reminiscences, 'Errinerungen aus fünfzig Jahren.' The book, which has been translated from the Russian by Eduard Kretschmann, is based on autobiographical papers which appeared in the *Russkaja Starina*.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MR. GEORGE ALLEN.—The Story of Two Noble Lives—Charlotte, Countess Canning, and Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford—by Augustus J. C. Hare. In three vols. of about 500 pages each, cr. 8vo, £1 11s. 6d. The Illustrations will consist, *inter alia*, of two Portraits engraved on steel, eight Portraits in photogravure, fourteen Plates in photogravure from Lady Waterford's sketches, and twenty-five Woodcuts from sketches by the Author, etc. There will be a Special Large Paper Edition of 300 copies, with India proofs of the plates, crown 4to, £3 3s. net.

MESSRS. J. BAKER AND SON, CLIFTON.—The Invaders of Great Britain, by Mr. Preston Weir. The book will treat of the invaders from prehistoric man to the Norman Invasion.

MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS.—The Scallywag. By Grant Allen. 3 vols. The Constable of St. Nicholas. By Edwin Lester Arnold. With a Frontispiece by Stanley L. Wood. The Rebel Queen. By Walter Besant. 3 vols. The Wedding Ring. By Robert Buchanan. 2 vols. The Burden of Isabel. By J. Mac-

laren Cobban. 3 vols. Suspicion Aroused. By Dick Donovan, The Red House. By Mrs. Hungerford. 2 vols. The One too Many. By Mrs. E. Lynn Linton. 3 vols. Red Diamonds. By Justin McCarthy, M.P. 3 vols. A Wasted Crime. By D. Christie Murray. 2 vols. Outlaw and Lawmaker. By Mrs. Campbell Praed. 3 vols. The Convict Ship. By W. Clark Russell. 3 vols. To His own Master. By Alan St. Aubyn. 3 vols. Eighteenth Century Vignettes. By Austin Dobson. A second series. How we Toured from Paddington to Penzance: the Record of a Summer Tramp. By Charles G. Harper, author of 'The Brighton Road.' With 106 Illustrations by the Author. History of the Consulate and the Empire of France under Napoleon. By L. A. Thiers. Translated by D. Forbes Campbell and John Stebbing. An entirely new edition, reset in a specially cast type, with 36 steel-plate Illustrations. Complete in 12 vols. The publication will proceed at the rate of one volume a month. Emile Zola: a Biography. By R. H. Sherard. With numerous Illustrations. A Vindication of Phrenology. By W. Mattieu Williams, F.C.S., F.R.A.S.

MESSRS T. AND T. CLARK, EDINBURGH.—Darwinianism: Workmen and Work. By J. Hutchison Stirling, LL.D. Part I. The Workmen (The Darwins—Grandfather, Father, and Son). Part II. The Work (the Theory of Natural Selection). The Earliest Life of Christ ever compiled from the Four Gospels. Being a translation of the Arabic Version of Tatian's Diatessaron (compiled about A.D. 160), containing the whole substance of the four Gospels in one continuous story, and in their very words. With an Historical and Critical Introduction and Tables. By Rev. J. Hamlyn Hill, M.A. The Gospel of St. Peter. Synoptical Tables, with translation and critical apparatus. Edited by Professor H. von Schubert, D.D., Kiel. Authorised English translation by Rev. John Macpherson, M.A., Findhorn. The Parables of our Lord. By Professor S. D. F. Salmond, D.D. (new vol. of the 'Bible Class Primer' Series.) Authorised English translations of the following works:—Professor Godet's Introduction to the New Testament; Professor Beyschlag's New Testament Theology; Professor Kaftan's Truth of the Christian Religion; Professor von Orelli's Commentary on the Minor Prophets.

MR. ALEXANDER GARDNER.—Ballads of Bairnhood, edited by Robert Ford.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT.—The Ideal Artist. By F. Bayford Harrison. 3 vols. To Right the Wrong. By Edna Lyall. 3 vols. From Harvest to Haytime. By Mabel Hart.

MESSRS. INNES.—Half a Hero, a novel in two volumes, by Anthony Hope. Such a Lord is Love, a novel in two volumes, by Mrs. Batson, author of Dark. Ladies at Work, papers on paid employments for ladies, with an introduction by Lady Jeune. Seers and Singers, studies of five poets, by Arthur D. Innes. The Gentle Heritage, by Frances E. Crompton, author of Master Bartlemy, illustrated by T. Pym. A Hit and a Miss, by the Hon. Eva Knatchbull Hugessen. Lily and Waterlily, by Mrs. Comyns Carr, illustrated by Winifred Smith. A series of devotional books at half-a-crown a volume will be brought out, under the title of 'Aids to Devotion.'

MESSRS. ISBISTER.—In the High Heavens. By Sir Robert S. Ball, LL.D. Socialism. By Professor Flint, D.D., LL.D. Our English Ministers. By the Venerable Archdeacon Farrar, the Dean of Gloucester, Rev. Precentor Venables, Rev. Canon Talbot, and others. With numerous Illustrations by Herbert Railton and others. In the Footsteps of the Poets. Biographical, Critical, and Topographical Sketches. By Professor David Masson, LL.D., the Lord Bishop of Ripon, Rev. J. Brown, D.D., Rev. Canon Benham, B.D., Hugh Haliburton, Henry C. Ewart, John Dennis, William Canton, and R. H. Hutton. Fragments in Baskets. Selected Allegories. By Mrs. Boyd Carpenter (Ripon). Christ and our Times. By the Venerable William Macdonald Sinclair, D.D. The Lord's Prayer. Sermons preached in Westminster Abbey. By the Venerable F. W. Farrar, D.D. A Concise Bible Dictionary. A supplement to 'Book by Book.' Compiled by Rev. A. Westcott, M.A., and Rev. J. Watt, D.D.

MESSRS. LONGMANS AND CO.—Montezuma's Daughter. By H. Rider Haggard. With Illustrations by Maurice Greiffenhagen. Idyls and Lyrics of the Ohio Valley, and Little New World Idyls. Two new editions of volumes of poems by John James Piatt, author of 'Western Windows,' etc. An Examination of Weismannism, by George John Romanes, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., etc., author of 'Darwin and After Darwin,' etc. A First History of France, by Louise Creighton, author of 'A First History of England,' 'Stories from English History,' etc., etc. With numerous Illustrations and 5 coloured Maps. The Inspired Word: Eight Lectures on the Early History and Origin of the Doctrine of Biblical Inspiration. Being the Bampton Lectures for 1893. By the Rev. W. Sanday, M.A., D.D., LL.D., Dean Ireland's Professor of Exegesis, Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Side Lights on Church History, by the Rev. William Bright, D.D., Canon of Christ Church, and Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford. God's City: Four Addresses delivered at St. Asaph on the Spiritual and Ethical Value of Belief in the Church. To which are added six Sermons on kindred subjects. By the Rev. H. S. Holland, M.A. Parliamentary Government in the British Colonies. By Alpheus Todd, LL.D., C.M.G., author of 'Parliamentary Government in England,' etc. Second edition, by his Son. The Teaching of Drawing. By I. H. Morris. The Diary of Colonel Peter Hawker, author of 'Instructions to Young Sportsmen.' With an Introduction by Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, Bart. 2 vols. Re-issue of the Earl of Lytton's Poems. In 3 vols. The first volume will be The Wanderer, the first edition of which was published in 1858. The second edition, published in 1859, was a reprint of the first, but in subsequent editions the author omitted some parts and largely altered others. The first edition, however, has always been preferred by the public, and therefore it is the one which will be reprinted. This volume will be published in September, and will be followed in November by Lucile, and in January by a volume of Selections. The Badminton Library. Big Game Shooting. By C. Phillipps-Wolley, W. G. Littledale, Colonel Percy, Fred. Jackson, Major H. Percy, W. C. Oswell, Sir Henry Pottinger, Bart., and the Earl of Kilmorey. With Contributions by other writers. With Illustrations by Charles Whymper and others. 2 vols. Yachting. By the Earl of Pembroke, the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, the Earl of Onslow, Lord Brassey, Lieut.-Col. Bucknill, Lewis Herreshoff, G. L. Watson, E. F. Knight, Rev. G. L. Blake, R.N., and G. C. Davies. With Illustrations by R. T. Pritchett, and from Photographs. 2 vols. Can this be Love? a Novel. By Mrs. Parr, author of 'Adam and Eve.' 1 vol. Eskimo Life. By Fridtjof Nansen, author of 'The First Crossing of Greenland.' Translated by Wm. Archer. With Illustrations. Our Household Insects. By E. A. Butler. With numerous Illustrations. Pastor Lang: a Play. By Björnstjerne Björnsen. Translated by William Wilson. Memorials of St. James's Palace. By the Rev. James Edgar Sheppard, M.A. With Illustrations. The Communion of Saints: a Lost Link in the Chain of the Church's Creed. By the Rev. Wyllys Rede, M.A. With a Preface by Lord Halifax. The Man from Blankley's: a Story in Scenes, and other Sketches. By F. Anstey. With Illustrations by J. Bernard Partridge. What Necessity Knows: a Novel. By L. Dougall, author of 'Beggars All.' 3 vols. Diseases and Injuries of the Teeth, including Pathology and Treatment: a Manual of Practical Dentistry for Students and Practitioners. By Morton Smale, M.R.C.S., L.S.A., L.D.S. Pictures in Prose of Nature, Wild Sport, and Humble Life. By Aubyn Trevor Battye, B.A.

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MR. ELLIOT STOCK.—The Elizabethan Library, a selection from the works of Lord Bacon, by Dr. Grosart, entitled 'Thoughts that Breathe and Words that Burn.' The Pilgrim's Progress and its Lessons, a work in exposition of Bunyan's Allegory, by Samuel Wright.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK AND BOWDEN.—The Romance of Navigation and Discovery. By Henry Frith. Spring's Immortality, and Other Poems. By Mackenzie Bell. The Cruise of the Cormorant. By Arthur Lee Knight. Ishmael Pengelly, an Outcast. By Joseph Hocking. 'White Poppies: a novel. By May Kendall. Women Writers: their works and ways. Second Series. By Catherine J. Hamilton, with portraits. The Pirate. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Profusely Illustrated by A. Lalauze. The Crime of a Christmas Toy. By Henry Herman. House Painting and Papering; including the Decoration of Boarded Floors. Edited by Francis Chilton Young. Metal Working for Amateurs. Edited by Francis Chilton Young.

## RECENT BOOK SALES.

EDITED BY THOMAS J. WISE.

The Book Sales for the season 1892-3 have now been brought to a close. During the past two months no library of any particular importance has been sold, the auctioneers having been occupied principally in clearing off the season's accumulation of miscellaneous books, the majority of which were entirely without interest. The following items have been selected from various sales spread over several weeks; the dates of the sale of each have therefore been omitted.

It is proposed next month to give some account of the Sales of Autographs and Manuscripts held during the past season.

**Meredith** (G.) Modern Love and Poems of the English Roadside, with Poems and Ballads; first edition, presentation copy from the Author: "F. M. Evans, with filial respect from George M." on title, original cloth, uncut. 1862. £2 4s.

**Longfellow** (H. W.) Kavanagh, a Tale; first edition, presentation copy from the Author: "F. Bemisch, Esq., with the Author's regards, Boston, May, 1849," original cloth, uncut. Boston, 1849. £1 5s.

**Lamb** (C.) John Woodvil, a Tragedy; first edition. 1802.
[Although described in the sale catalogue as being in "original boards, uncut," this book was really a poor cut copy, put up in modern boards in imitation of the original. It proved to be the identical copy sold by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson on April 6th last, and described in the *May* BOOKMAN, p. 42. It was now sold upon its merits, and realised £4 17s. 6d. A genuine uncut copy, containing Lamb's Autograph inscription, was sold privately after the sale for £13 13s.]

**Columna** (Guidonis de) Historia Troyana, Manuscript, brown morocco super extra, covered with gold tooling in the Grolier style, gilt edges, by Rivière. Sæc. xv. £18 10s.

**A Pahli** Manuscript of the complete Service for the Installation of a Priest, on sixteen sheets of metal, in the thick black character, richly decorated with gold and scarlet. 20½ in. by 4 in.
[Manuscripts of this Service rarely occur for sale, especially when on metal. Although this copy was said to have belonged to the King of Burmah, there was more than suspicion that its origin was Birmingham; hence the insignificant figure it realised —£5.]

**Acuna** (Chr. de) Nuevo descubrimiento del gran rio de las Amazodas, fine copy in the original limp vellum cover. Madrid, 1641. £12 12s.
[Excessively rare, having been suppressed by the Spanish Government.]

**Shakespeare** (W.) First part of the true and honourable History of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham, first edition, fine copy in red morocco extra, gilt edges, small 4to, printed for T. P. in 1600. £36.

**Shakespeare's** (Mr. William) Comedies, Histories and Tragedies, the second impression, portrait by Droeshout and Ben Jonson's verses, 12⅝ by 8⅝ inches (verses and few leaves at the beginning mended), red morocco extra, g. e. by Rivière, sold with all faults. T. Cotes for R. Allot, 1632. £20.

**Franklin.** Cicero's Cato Major, or his Discourse of Old Age, with Explanatory Notes, very fine copy, red morocco extra, g. e. enclosed in a morocco case. Philadelphia, printed and sold by B. Franklin, 1744. £49.
[George Washington's copy of the most famous production of the Franklin's press, with his signature on the first leaf of the preface.]

**Hood** (T.) Comic Annual, from 1830 to 1839, and 1842, numerous humorous illustrations, calf extra, y. e. by F. Bedford, 11 vol. £7.

**Tennyson** (Alfred) In Memoriam, first edition, uncut in the original cloth, 1850. £4 10s.
[Although this edition usually passes as the *first*, there was really an earlier issue (of which only 3 or 4 copies are extant), privately printed, without a title-page, in the preceding year.]

**Milton** (J.) Poems, both English and Latin, first collective edition, with the rare portrait by Marshall, few letters supplied in facsimile at pages 71, 72 and slightly cut in pagination, else fine copy in red morocco extra, gilt edges, by W. Pratt, excessively rare, 1645. £19.

**Allot** (R.) England's Parnassus, or the choysest flowers of our Moderne Poets, with their poetical Comparisons, descriptions of Bewties, Personages, Castles, Pallaces, Mountaines, Groves, Seas, Springs, Rivers, etc. (last leaf of "Tables" in excellent facsimile), russia super extra, Roger Payne style, gilt edges, by F. Bedford, 1600. £10 15s.
[A perfect copy sold in May last for £17 5s. See the BOOKMAN for June, p. 73.]

**Dickens** (C.) The Pickwick Papers, illustrations by R. Seymour and H. K. Browne, first edition, presentation copy from the Author to his Sister, with autograph inscription, "Lætitia Austin, from her brother Charles Dickens," green morocco, gilt edges, 1837. £5 5s.

**Dickens.** Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby, portrait, and illustrations by H. K. Browne, first edition, presentation copy from the Author to his Sister, with autograph inscription, "Lætitia Austin, from her brother Charles Dickens," green morocco, gilt edges, 1839. £4 15s.
[The above volumes were part of a complete series of his works, to date, given by Dickens to his sister, Mrs. Austin, in 1847. The books were badly cut down, and otherwise in poor condition; still, they were decidedly cheap at the price for which they were sold.]

**Tennysoniana.** The Original Draft of the closing lines of 'The Passing of Arthur,' with corrections, the last three lines of which have never been printed; Autograph Letter of Alfred Tennyson, 2 pp. 8vo, June 13th, 1867; another Letter, signed by Lord Tennyson on his 83rd birthday; also various Letters (7) of the Tennyson family, including Frederick (the brother) and Arthur the son of Lord Tennyson; Autograph Letter of 3 pp. 8vo, dated 3 Augt. 1844, from Thomas Carlyle in reference to Tennyson and his poems; a Manuscript Pedigree of the Tennyson family, and a Proof Portrait etched in 1880; also the printed Prospectus issued by Jackson of Louth, dated 1827, with Press Notices of the "Poems by Two Brothers"; and the Chancery "Bill of Complaint" between Alfred Tennyson and John Camden Hotten, filed July 30th, 1862, the whole forming a most important collection. £18 10s.

**Gould** (John) Birds of Asia, 7 vol. in 35 parts, 530 beautifully coloured plates, 1850-83. £39.

**Gould** (J.) Monograph of the Trogonidæ; or Family of Trogans, 3 parts, 36 beautifully coloured plates, 1838. £2 8s.

**Gould** (J.) Birds of Australia, parts 1 to 15 (only), 253 splendidly coloured plates, 1840-44. £9 10s.

**Alken** (H.) National Sports of Great Britain, with Descriptions in English and French, fine coloured plates by Alken, half bound, uncut, 1823. £18.

**David** Garrick (the Life of), in 2 vols., inlaid to folio, and extended to 4 vols, by the addition of about 400 portraits, play-bills, and autograph letters, etc. £42.

**Kelmscott** Press. Caxton (W.) Recuyell of the Historyes of Troy, reprinted in facsimile by W. Morris, 2 vol. vellum. Kelmscott Press, 1892.
[One of the five copies printed on vellum. The published price of this work was £70. The present copy was bought in at £29.]

**Kelmscott** Press. Reynarde the Foxe, done into English out of Dutch by W. Caxton, reprinted in facsimile by W. Morris, vellum, *ib.* 1892. £16 10s.
[One of five copies printed on vellum.]

**Stained** Glass Drawings of Ancient and Modern Stained Glass. A Collection of nearly 2,000 coloured Drawings, Tracings, Etchings, Engravings, etc., illustrative of this most interesting subject, formed with great labour and research by W. Willement, Esq., the drawings being chiefly by him, and are executed with extraordinary minuteness and precision (many of them of a very large size), highly interesting from the great variety of subjects, 8 vol. mounted throughout on thick drawing paper, half russia, by Lewis; atlas folio.
[This most extraordinary and extensive collection may be regarded as unique. It is the result of untiring labour and enthusiastic devotion to the subject; the style in which many of the drawings are executed conveys at once the idea of graphic truthfulness. The whole forming a monument of genius, talent, and research. It was sold at Messrs. Sotherby's rooms in June, 1865, for £530; on the 29th of last July it was again offered in the same rooms, but failed to find a buyer, and was bought in at £68.]

**Tennyson** (Alfred) Poems, first edition, uncut in the original boards. Moxon, 1833. £10 10s.
[This book had been taken to pieces, washed throughout, and put back into the original boards; hence the low price obtained for it. During the past season copies have been sold for as much as £26.]

**[Barham** (R. H.)] Ingoldsby Legends, or Mirth and Marvel, three series, 3 vol., first edition, illustrations by G. Cruikshank, J. Leech, etc., fine copy, calf extra, y. e., by F. Bedford, 1840-42-47. £9 5s.

**Bewick**, Select Fables, together with a Memoir, and a Descriptive Catalogue of the Works of Messrs. Bewick, imperial paper, original edition, portrait and numerous woodcuts by T. and J. Bewick and others, fine copy, red morocco extra, uncut, t. e. g., by F. Bedford, Newcastle, 1820. £10.

## NEW WRITERS.

### ANTHONY HOPE.

The author of 'A Change of Air,' of which a notice appears in our "Novel Notes" this month, has already gained an acknowledged place among the entertaining writers of the day, though his literary career has been a short one. A brightness of style and a deftness of handling his scenes and characters convinced his readers from the first that at least he would never bore them.

"Anthony Hope" is a pseudonym, but a somewhat nominal one, the writer being, for other purposes than literature, Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins. He was born in 1863, and is the son of the Rev. E. C. Hawkins, of St. Bride's, Fleet Street. He was educated at Marlborough, and was a scholar of Balliol. At Oxford he was a prominent figure among his contemporaries, and his interest in public affairs, and his abilities, led to his being elected President of the Union. Mr. Hawkins was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1887, and he has not given up practice for literature. At the last general election he was a candidate in the Liberal interest for South Bucks, but was defeated on that occasion by Viscount Curzon.

Anthony Hope's first book, 'A Man of Mark,' was published in 1890 by Messrs. Remington and Co., 'Father Stafford' (Cassell) followed next year, and 'Mr. Witt's Widow' in the spring of 1892. A collection of short stories, chiefly reprinted from the *St. James's Gazette*, called 'Sport Royal,' was issued by Messrs. Innes early this year, and 'A Change of Air' by Messrs. Methuen in June. This is a fair record for so short a time, and Mr. Hawkins' industry gives no signs of flagging. Messrs. Innes have in hand another novel by him, which will appear during the autumn publishing season, under the name of 'Half a Hero.'

## THE READER.

### LORD BEACONSFIELD AND HIS MINOR BIOGRAPHER.

CONCLUDING CHAPTER.

*Lord Beaconsfield's sketch of his early education—It supplements that given by Mr. Froude—The young Disraeli in a solicitor's office—Discrepancy between his own and Mr. Froude's account of the episode—The* Representative*—Accuracy of Lord Beaconsfield's statement respecting his connection with it—What led to my second interview with him—His last note to me, and his death.*

MR. FROUDE'S biography of Lord Beaconsfield (in the series entitled 'The Prime Ministers of Queen Victoria') is not only the latest, but the most authentic. He appears to have received from some source or other a little of what is called "exclusive information" respecting both the earlier and later career of Disraeli. It will suffice, therefore, in dealing with the autobiographical notes furnished me by Lord Beaconsfield, as mentioned in a former chapter, to compare his own statements respecting his boyhood, youth, and early manhood with those of Mr. Froude. Of Mr. Poticary's school at Blackheath Disraeli said nothing in those notes. But he did ample justice to the Greek scholarship of Dr. Cogan, the Unitarian principal of the school at Walthamstow, to which he was sent after learning little at Blackheath, and at which he remained for several years. Mr. Froude has a page or two about the Walthamstow school, but he has omitted to reproduce the well-authenticated anecdote that Dr. Cogan said of the one of his pupils who was to become the most distinguished of them all: "I don't like Disraeli; I never could get him to understand the subjunctive!" Between his departure from the school at Walthamstow and his entering a solicitor's office there is a blank in Mr. Froude's narrative which the notes supply, and in an interesting way. On leaving Dr. Cogan's establishment, Disraeli wrote, he was placed with a private tutor in Buckinghamshire, his father's adopted county, and there his education was "severely classical," so much so, it may be hoped, that he learned to understand the subjunctive! Nay, according to his own account, the "severely classical" education which he now received gave shape to his first literary effort, one unknown to any of his biographers, Mr. Froude included. The young Disraeli actually produced and printed for private circulation an edition of what he called in those notes "the Adonisian eclogue of Theocritus," that charming fifteenth idyl, in which the two Syracusan women domiciled in Alexandria, Gorgo and Praxinoe, visiting the festival of the resurrection of Adonis, chatter just as a thousand years later two London middle-class dames might chatter as they pushed their way through a crowd assembled to witness a Lord Mayor's show or a Royal procession. If there survives a copy of the young Disraeli's edition of the fifteenth idyl of Theocritus, its possessor may boast himself the owner of a greater than any of the 'Curiosities of Literature' chronicled by Disraeli's father, and he should make haste to inform the world of his possession of it.

So far Disraeli's autobiographical notes add to but do not contradict the statements in Mr. Froude's biography. But when we come to the circumstances connected with the young Disraeli's entrance into and departure from the solicitor's office in the Old Jewry, there is a decided conflict between Mr. Froude's statements and those of the autobiographer. According to Mr. Froude, Disraeli remained at the desk for three years. Mr. Froude even gives, between quotation marks, the testimony borne by one of the partners in the firm, who described the young Disraeli as "most assiduous in his attention to business and showing great ability in the transaction of it" (here the quotation marks end), and as likely, if allowed to go to the Bar, to attain to eminence there. According to Mr. Froude, "Ben," as he familiarly calls him, "acquiesced in his father's wishes," which are taken for granted, and he was entered at Lincoln's Inn, "apparently intending to pursue a legal career, but the fates or his own adventurousness ordered his fortune otherwise." In view of Disraeli's possible career in wig and gown, Mr. Froude indulges, moreover, in the usual speculations of the "what might have happened" kind. Now Disraeli's own statement was quite different from this. Very soon after receiving it I incorporated it and most of his other statements in a second edition, so to speak, of my memoir of him in the 'Dictionary of Universal Biography.' A proof of this second edition was sent immediately to Mr. Disraeli, who by returning it unaltered "with thanks," endorsed its accuracy. I used, as far as possible, Disraeli's own words, and I now transcribe from my memoir, re-edited from information given by himself, what may unquestionably be regarded as his version of the episode of the solicitor's office.

"The elder Disraeli," I wrote, "who always lived in seclusion, and during the last years of his life almost uninterruptedly in Bucks, had a powerful friend who offered to provide for his promising son in one of the offices of the Court of Chancery. The post offered was one the tenure of which would in the usual course have led to some of the highest prizes of the profession. To be admitted as a solicitor was a necessary preliminary, and hence the myth that Mr. Disraeli was once, as has been often published, 'an attorney's clerk.' Although the legal life thus commenced was little more than a form, Mr. Disraeli soon relinquished it from a youthful restlessness of head and heart. In due course a younger brother, Mr. Ralph Disraeli, was offered and embraced the same opportunity, and that gentleman has now risen to the post of registrar of the Court of Chancery, one of responsibility and emolument."

I do not say that there is an irreconcileable conflict between this statement of Disraeli's and Mr. Froude's, but they are certainly discrepant, and Disraeli's explains what Mr. Froude's leaves unexplained, the reason why the eldest and promising son of a father in Isaac Disraeli's position should have been placed in a solicitor's office at all. That the young Disraeli meditated a forensic career, because he was entered at Lincoln's Inn, is an unwarrantable inference. It was by no means uncommon in those days for young men of a certain social position to be entered at an Inn of Court, and even to be called to the Bar, without the slightest intention of practising. A friend, a member of Lincoln's Inn, who, to aid me in the preparation of this chapter, has kindly had researches made in the records of that honourable society, informs me that not only was Disraeli entered

on its books on the 11th November, 1824, leaving it on the 25th November, 1831, but that Mr. Gladstone—a fact in the right honourable gentleman's career not, I think, generally known—was entered on the books of the same society on the 18th November, 1827, leaving it on the 25th November, 1831. Yet one never heard or read that Mr. Gladstone thought of practising at the bar.

The next salient statement in Disraeli's autobiographical notes related to his alleged connection with the second John Murray's ill-fated newspaper, the *Representative*, referred to in the preceding chapter. It is not wonderful that Disraeli showed himself annoyed by my assertion in what was intended to be a permanent work of reference, that he had anything to do with "conducting" the *Representative*. Until then he had allowed all sorts of idle tales on that subject to pass current, but now he thought it time to have the true story of his connection with the journal told. Absurd and malicious indeed had been some of these reports, and all of them testify to the ease with which an elaborate myth, not having the slightest basis in fact, may be evolved and believed respecting a distinguished man, even in his lifetime. One of these was that a leading article of Disraeli's in the *Representative* began thus: "As we were sitting yesterday in our opera-box," etc., etc. Even so late as 1871, that *gobemouche*, the late James Grant, many years editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, gave, in his history of the newspaper press, what professed to be a full, true, and particular account of the gorgeous furniture of the editorial rooms at the office of the *Representative*, in which the young Disraeli received his aristocratic friends and contributors. Far from having edited the *Representative*, Disraeli assured me in these notes that he had never written a line or been asked to write a line in it. The perfect accuracy of this statement has been proved from documents in the archives of the publishing house of Murray, printed in Dr. Smiles's history of that house up to the death of the second John Murray, his well-known work, 'A Publisher and his Friends.' In point of fact, and to speak a little in the Irish manner, Disraeli's connection with the *Representative* ceased before it actually existed. His version of the origin of the *Representative*, as given in the notes, was that John Gibson Lockhart undertook, with the countenance of Canning, then Secretary for Foreign Affairs, to edit the *Representative*, and that after its failure Lockhart set on foot the report that it had been edited by Disraeli. From the documents printed by Dr. Smiles, it is clear that Lockhart's connection with the *Representative* was very intimate. But considerations of space prevent me for the present from pursuing this not uninteresting literary question. It is sufficient for my purpose that Disraeli's own account of his connection with the *Representative* (a subject, strange to say, to which Mr. Froude has not made the slightest reference) has been proved to be perfectly accurate.

When Dr. Smiles was engaged in the composition of the work referred to, he said to me incidentally in the course of conversation that he would be able to throw a good deal of light on the story of the *Representative*, but without dropping the slightest hint as to what would be disclosed. On this I remarked that I had in my possession a version of the story given me by Lord Beaconsfield, as Mr. Disraeli had then become. Dr. Smiles said in a casual way that he would like to see it. I replied that I should be very happy to comply with his request provided I received permission from Lord Beaconsfield. Accordingly I wrote to him explaining the circumstances under which I wished, with his leave, to show Dr. Smiles that portion, and that portion only, of his autobiographical notes which related to the *Representative*. Very promptly, and apparently in haste, Lord Beaconsfield wrote the following reply, in the first paragraph of which I have ventured to interpolate, between brackets and in italics, a word or two required to make the sentence complete:—

19, Curzon Street, W.,
Feb. 9, '81.

DEAR SIR,

What I communicated to you was in confidence, and I have observed with satisfaction that you have always respected that confidence [*in the way*] which became you as a gentleman and a man of letters.

If you will do me the honour of calling on me to-morrow morning, or any other morning more convenient to you, I will speak to you on the subject of your letter.

Half-past eleven is a time when you will generally find me disengaged.

Yours truly,
BEACONSFIELD.

On that morning, or on one a little after, I called on Lord Beaconsfield in Curzon Street. More than twenty years had passed since I last sat face to face with him. In the interval my head had considerably whitened, but there were only a few grey streaks in his raven locks, and after his death it was ascertained that, in contradiction to an ill-natured report, his hair had not been dyed. The interview was a brief one, and nothing was said about politics. One of the remarks with which he opened the conversation rather amused me. It was to the effect that he enjoyed very much the transition from the fogs of Westminster to Mayfair. As his migration had been caused by the fall of his administration compelling him to leave the residence in Downing Street which he had occupied as Prime Minister, the remark reminded me a little of the saying about making a virtue of necessity. He asked how it was that so much was made of the *Representative* and his connection with it. I said something in reply about the interest that attached to such an episode in the early career of a distinguished man. In the dining-room into which I was first ushered, and in the drawing-room in which I had the interview, everything wore a look of spick-and-span newness. I observed that there were visible in neither any pictures, or engravings, or busts. The only object in the shape of a work of art was in the drawing-room, and was pointed out to me by Lord Beaconsfield with some pride. It was a very elaborate and costly-looking performance in Dresden china, presented to him by Baron Tauchnitz in recognition of the profit which he had reaped from the production of his continental edition of 'Endymion,' the last and to my mind one of the weakest of Lord Beaconsfield's fictions. I had brought with me, unsolicited, the autobiographical notes so often referred to, about which he appeared to me to have shown himself a little nervous. I returned them to him with the assurance that I had kept no copy of them, and he was evidently pleased. If the reader asks how it is that I have been able to reproduce so much of them for his benefit the answer is simple. I

have consulted my reproduction of them, given with Lord Beaconsfield's approval, in the second edition of my memoir of him in the 'Dictionary of Universal Biography,' where what he meant for the public eye lies buried without any intimation that it was furnished by him. In reproducing in the Dictionary a portion of his autobiographical notes, I softened considerably the passage which contained rather a serious charge against Lockhart. That was one of the reasons why instead of referring Dr. Smiles to the second edition of my memoir, of which indeed I had not kept a copy, I was desirous that he should see the text itself of the passage concerning Lockhart. There linger indeed in my memory several striking statements in those autobiographical notes, which clearly were not meant for the public eye, and which therefore I did not reproduce in the re-edited memoir, and shall not reproduce now.

Probably I received one or more communications from Lord Beaconsfield before he wrote me that which I am about to give. If so, they have gone astray or have been destroyed, and I do not, with any exactitude, remember their purport. The two which survive were asked from me as autographs by friends who preserved them carefully, and have furnished me with them for the purposes of this chapter. The letters in the *Times* referred to in the following note of Lord Beaconsfield's to me were contradictions and refutations of various misstatements respecting his connection with the *Representative* and his early literary career. Lord Beaconsfield sent them to me, thinking, I suppose, that I might utilise them, somehow and somewhere, with the same object.

19, Curzon Street, W.,
Feb. 14, '81.

DEAR SIR,

Lord Barrington was so kind as to make the necessary research in the *Times* (Nov. 3, 1871), and to copy the two letters. They give all the information which we desired on the particular subject, and a great deal more which I have forgotten.

Lord Barrington's handwriting is not so clear as yours, but I trust you will decypher it without much difficulty.

The letter to the *Times* is from my lawyers, that to the *Leisure Hour* is from Sir Philip Rose at my dictation.

Let me hope that our acquaintance will not cease with this matter, which has cost you, I fear, much trouble, and in which you have shown so much courtesy.

Faithfully yours,
BEACONSFIELD.

Whether this expression of a hope for the continuance of our acquaintance was or was not mere politeness, neither time nor opportunity was given me to discover. In two months and a few days after he penned this note Lord Beaconsfield was in his grave. Φ.

## AN INTERVIEW WITH KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

THE author of 'Timothy's Quest' and 'A Cathedral Courtship' has been often described as the Mrs. Ewing of America. Her popularity in this country is shown by the fact that the first of these books is in its sixth edition. A representative of the BOOKMAN had a ten minutes' chat with Mrs. Wiggin before she left London on her way to Chicago.

"I was born in Philadelphia," Mrs. Wiggin began, "and spent my childhood in New England, where I lived much in literary circles. Afterwards I went to California, where the real work of my life began. I have always taken the greatest interest in the psychology of childhood, and may claim to have done some practical service to the children of America. I organised the first free Kindergarten west of the Rocky Mountains, the Silver Street Kindergarten in San Francisco, from which have grown hundreds of other Kindergartens on the Pacific Coast. I was also successful in establishing a training-school for teachers in San Francisco, and to the classes in this school I gave two talks a week for many years. 'The Story of Patsy' was the outcome of my association with the free Kindergarten at San Francisco, and was founded on fact. I am third vice-president of the New York Kindergarten Association, of which Richard Watson Gilder is president, and Mrs. Grover Cleveland first vice-president."

"After my marriage," Mrs. Wiggin went on, "I was naturally unable to give so much time to this work, but I never lost sight of it, and when visiting the Kindergarten I used often to join in the children's games and tell them stories. To the experience gained in this way I owe the inspiration of my literary work."

"You have written, I think, on the subject of children's rights?"

"My sister, Miss Nora Smith, joined me in writing a series of papers which were published under the title of 'Children's Rights: A Book of Nursery Logic.' In these papers we treated quite informally such subjects as 'Children's Playthings,' 'What Shall Children Read?' 'Other People's Children,' and 'The Relation of the Kindergarten to the Public School.' The proceeds of my stories have been chiefly employed for the benefit of these children's schools. 'The Birds' Christmas Carol' was published not long after the death of my husband, four years ago, when I had begun to feel the need of a vocation in life, and had decided to turn to literature. Perhaps of all my books, 'The Birds' Christmas Carol' is the favourite in America. In England the favourite is 'Timothy's Quest.'"

Lovers of Timothy and Lady Gay will be interested to know that Mrs. Wiggin wrote their history in Hollis, a village in Maine, which may well correspond to the Pleasant River of the story. Miss Vilda, Samanthy Ann, and the delightful Jabe Slocum are characters racy of the soil. This winter, when she rests from her Chicago labours, Mrs. Wiggin will return to Hollis and remain quietly there till she has written another book.

"'A Cathedral Courtship,'" Mrs. Wiggin remarked, "was the outcome of three visits to England. I thoroughly enjoy the holidays I spend in this country, and have received the kindest appreciation from English critics. In the early autumn a story for girls called 'Polly Oliver's Problem,' which appeared as a serial in *St. Nicholas*, will be published here in volume form."

*Apropos* of this forthcoming book, it is worth mentioning that Mr. Rudyard Kipling, whom one would hardly have suspected of a close acquaintance with girls' tales, thinks "Polly Oliver" one of the breeziest and most captivating of heroines, and the story as a whole the best that Mrs. Wiggin has written.

"I am going to Chicago," Mrs. Wiggin concluded, "to attend the Children's Congress, and to read passages from my books to an audience of 12,000 young friends. I have earned large sums for charities by giving readings in various towns. Altogether I have handed over not less than £6,000 gained

in this way to the children's hospitals and infants' shelters of America."

Besides the books already mentioned, Mrs. Wiggin has written 'The Story Hour,' with an introduction on the art of story-telling in the schoolroom, and 'A Summer in a Cañon,' which gives a most amusing picture of life in South California. Her books are published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co., in New York, and by Messrs. Gay and Bird in London.

## WILLIAM COWPER'S COPY OF ROBERT BURNS'S POEMS: 1787.

THE juxtaposition of the poet of 'The Task' and the poet of the 'Jolly Beggars'—of the refined and fastidious scholar and the inspired ploughman—is a pleasant literary surprise. And yet it hardly ought to have been unexpected, seeing that they were not only contemporaries, but admittedly the outstanding precursors of William Wordsworth, in England and Scotland respectively, in breaking away from the artificial and conventional in poetry and looking straight at Nature and human nature. Because of this, when we look beneath the surface subtleties of affinity reveal themselves. I do not refer to mere accidents of circumstance, such as the immortal ride and race of John Gilpin running parallel with the equally immortal ride and race of Tam o' Shanter, or even to the simple truth of fact that the greater Hymns of the one mate with the greater and purer Songs of the other. I think rather of their common light of glory of imaginativeness, combined with realism, in their noting of the ever-varying aspects of Nature and in their readings of the red-leaved book of the human heart.

I am not aware that Cowper's name occurs in the Correspondence of Burns. The first and early editions of his successive volumes were expensive and the Scot's resources limited. This perhaps explains how it came about that no knowledge of 'The Task' is shown by Burns. All the more satisfying is it that we know that the recluse of Weston (1787) did mark the crossing of the horizon of the new and brilliant orb of song in the rude North; or unmetaphorically, it gladdens us to find that William Cowper was among the first to recognise the extraordinariness of Robert Burns's Poems. *At this point* it is inevitable that we give the letter to Samuel Rose, Esq., wherein his gift of Burns's Poems is acknowledged. It is fetched from Southey's Cowper (Bohn, 8 vols., vol. iii., pp. 383-4):—

"Weston, July 24, 1787.

"DEAR SIR,—

"This is the first time I have written these six months, and nothing but the constraint of obligation could induce me to write now. I cannot be so wanting to myself as not to endeavour at least to thank you, both for the visits with which you favoured me, and the Poems that you sent me; in my present state of mind I taste nothing, nevertheless I read, partly from habit, and partly because it is the only thing that I am capable of.

"I have read Burns's Poems, and have read them twice, and though they be written in a language that is new to me, and many of them on subjects much inferior to the author's ability, I think them on the whole a very extraordinary production. He is, I believe, the only poet these kingdoms have produced in the lower rank of life since Shakespeare (I should rather say since Prior) who need not be indebted for any part of his praise to a charitable consideration of his origin, and the disadvantages under which he has laboured. It will be pity if he should not hereafter divest himself of barbarism, and content himself with writing pure English, in which he appears perfectly qualified to excel. He who can command admiration, dishonours himself if he aim no higher than to raise a laugh.

"I am, dear sir, with my best wishes for your prosperity, and with Mrs. Unwin's respects,

"Your obliged and affectionate humble servant,

"WM. COWPER."

We must return upon this characteristic letter. I have now to state that it is my good fortune to possess the identical copy of Burns's Poems that was thus acknowledged. I cannot be mistaken in assuming that a detailed account of it will prove acceptable to admirers of both poets. The title-page is as follows:—

POEMS
CHIEFLY IN THE
SCOTTISH DIALECT
BY
ROBERT BURNS.

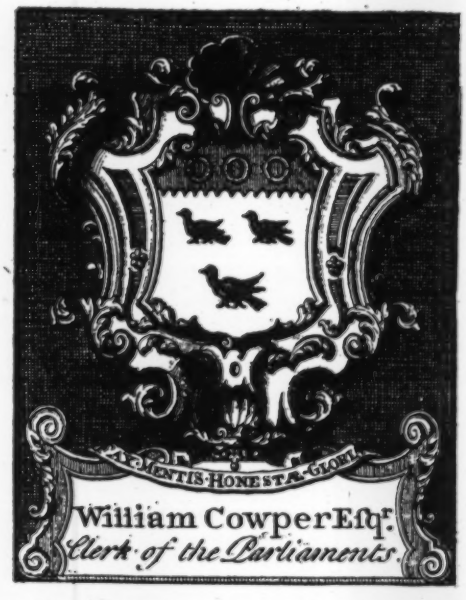
THE THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR A. STRAHAN; T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND; AND W. CREECH, EDINBURGH.

MDCCLXXXVII.

It is a goodly octavo, pp. xlviii. and 372. It is in the original boards, with rough uncut edges. It seems to me a handsomer book than the Edinburgh edition of the same year. The Nasmyth portrait must have been re-engraved for it by Beugo.

On the front board is Cowper's bookplate, which is here reproduced.




It would appear that the poet continued to use the bookplate that he had had engraved on his appointment as clerk of the Journals of the House of Lords, notwithstanding his precipitate retreat from the too public post. For in his copy of Henry Vaughan's 'Silex Scintillans' (1650); in his 'Thucydides' (Foulis, 8 vols. in 4, 1759), which has also his dated autograph in each volume; and in his MS. Commonplace Book—all of which are in my library—it is also inserted.*

* I also possess a long autograph letter to Lady Austen, and I mention this here in order to note that it illustrates the loose and perfunctory fashion with which Southey edited (?) Cowper's Letters. A humorous postscript on his turkey and its brood is left out entirely.

But besides the bookplate, there are markings throughout, that testify to the care and sustained interest with which Cowper read the Poems. One little undesigned coincidence ratifies the statement in the letter that he had read the Poems twice. For whereas the dotted and lined markings, on evidently the first reading, are in red pencil, a second less minute series are in blue pencil.

I would now proceed to place on record the whole of the markings. They begin with the Dedication (leaves misplaced in the making up). The following opening sentences have a red dotted line along the margin :—

"A Scottish Bard, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his Country's service, where should he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious names of his native Land ["The noblemen and gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt"]; those who bear the honours and inherit the virtues of their Ancestors? The Poetic Genius of my Country found me as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the plough; and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my natal Soil, in my native tongue; I tuned my wild, artless notes, as she inspired.—She whispered me to come to this ancient metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my Songs under your honoured protection: I now obey her dictates."

*En passant*, Is not the famous "New Preface" of Wordsworth only an enlargement of the pregnant words on the sources and resources of poetry here presented?

Similarly marked is this :—

"I was bred to the Plough, and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottish name with you, my illustrious Countrymen; and to tell the world that I glory in the title.—I come to congratulate my Country, that the blood of her ancient heroes still runs uncontaminated."

I have thus far quoted in full. In the sequel, assuming that every reader interested in the matter has his Burns, I must content myself almost wholly with references to the places, going onward from page 1 to the close. It lies on the surface that as in his letter he states "the language was new" to him, many of the words puzzled him and necessitated recourse to the appended Glossary. The following words have a red or blue pencil line drawn under them :—Page 14, "messin" (= a small dog). Page 15, "gash" (= sagacious); "sheugh" (= ditch); "baws'nt" (= having a white stripe down the face); "touzie" (= shaggy); "hurdies" (= loins); "fain" (= fond); "pack" (= intimate); "kain" (= fowls, etc., paid as rent); "stechin" (= crammed); "pechan" (= stomach); "smytrie" (= numerous); "duddie" (= ragged); "darg" (= day's labour); "thack and rape" (= necessaries); "buirdly" (= broad-built); "brock" (= animal); "poortith" (= poverty); "grushie" (= thriving growth); "ferlie" (= wonder); "luntin pipe" (= smoking); "sneeshing mull" (= snuff-box); "fawsont" (= decent, seemly); "gentle" (= noble); "foughten" (= harassed); "jads" (= jades). These are drawn wholly from "The Twa Dogs, a Tale." There are like under-linings throughout, and several deeply dinted, as though the reader were impatient to get at the meaning. It scarcely seems needful to similarly record the remaining interrogated words. Most of them (I fear) would perplex present-day Scots, not to say Englishmen. In the "Twa Dogs" there are several *bits* marked off with blue or red lines, *e.g.* (blue), "I've noticed on our Laird's court-day" to "But surely poor folk maun be wretches"; (blue) this couplet, graphic and memorable :—

"My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barkit wi' them."

Then the stinging rebuke of the "fast"-living gentry :—

"For Britain's guid! for her destruction!
Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction."

Noted too is Luath's kindly mitigation of Cæsar's censure :—

"Except for breakin o' their timmer,
Or speakin lightly o' their Limmer,
Or shootin o' a hare or moorcock,
The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk."

Robert Burns was no vulgar demagogue to rail against "the classes" as such. Following this (blue) is enclosure of the admirable lines, "A country fellow at the pleugh" down to "Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst." The six closing lines of the poem are red lined throughout, and the reader might do worse than turn to them.

The next poem ("Scotch Drink"), in common with "To a Haggis" and "To a Louse," was doubtless one of those designated in the letter as "subjects much inferior to the author's ability." Nevertheless, stanza iii. is dot-lined on the margin—"Let husky wheat the haughs adorn," etc.

The "Postscript" to "The Author's Earnest Cry and Prayer" seems to have specially arrested Cowper: stanzas i. to v. are blue lined. They abide of the "brave translunary things" of the Poet.

In "Death and Dr. Hornbook," stanzas i., iv., and last are blue lined, the last red lined. They are undoubtedly the three finest stanzas of the poem.

The "Brigs of Ayr" has a hand drawn in red pencil (☞) at the commencement, and probably it was this "pure English" portion that led to the remark that Burns was perfectly qualified to excel in English as distinguished from the "barbarism" (!!) of the Scottish Dialect! The gentle heart of the reader was doubtless touched by the denunciation of the cruelty of sportsmen in the lines, "The thund'ring guns are heard on ev'ry side" down to "Sires, mothers, children in one carnage lie." This is blue pencilled. Then, red lined, is the vivid description of the moon-lighted, frosty river—"The tide-swoln Firth," etc., down to

"The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam
Crept, gently crusting o'er the glittering stream."

The "Address to the Deil" has stanza ii., "Hear me, auld Hangie," etc., blue enclosed, and the two closing stanzas red lined, "And now, auld Cloots," etc.

"A Dream" has stanzas ii. and iii. blue enclosed. Evidently the reader approved of the sound advice and sarcasm addressed to the monarch and his wayward sons. Stanzas x. and xi., to the "Prince of Wales," are blue marked. The "Vision," duan second, has the immortal stanzas, "With future hope I oft would gaze" to "Struck thy young eye," and "I saw thy pulse's maddening play," and "Thou canst not learn," etc., to the end, "in light away," are blue and red lined, and in part underlined. The "Address to the Unco Guid" has stanzas vii. and viii. wholly red underlined—perhaps the highest level of insight and form reached by Burns. Stanza xxv. of "Halloween" is red lined ("Whyles owre a linn," etc.). The "Cottar's Saturday Night" must have been read and re-read. Stanzas ii., ix., xvi. are blue and red lined. "To a Mouse" has stanza ii. red lined, and close of stanza iii. and the last stanza.

The "Epistle to Davie" is blue lined against stanzas iv. and v. "Despondency" seems to have struck an answering

chord, for these sad lines are heavily blue marked:—

"O life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I."

"Man was made to Mourn" has a red pencil hand again (☞) at the opening. "To a Mountain Daisy" has the golden second stanza red marked:—

"Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet
The bonnie lark," etc.

The "Epistle to a Young Friend" has the great sixth stanza blue lined. To "a Louse," the closing stanza is blue marked, "O wad some Pow'r," etc. The second Epistle to Lapraik has two lines blue marked, as indicating the Poet's age:—

"Now comes the sax an' twentieth simmer,
I've seen the bud upo' the timmer."

The kindred Epistle to W. S. has a blue pencilled hand (☞) opposite the tribute to Robert Ferguson; and stanzas xiv. and xv. and part of xvi. are blue lined. Of the Songs, only one is specially marked with a red hand—"The gloomy night is gath'ring fast." Finally, the last stanza of "A Bard's Epitaph" is red underlined.

Such are the markings on Cowper's copy of the Poems of Robert Burns. I think most will agree with me in recognising the perspicacity of the reader, and the staying power that twice over led him to read these poems in a "language new to him," and which language, while it is of Earth's most dulcet and supremest speech (John Ruskin witness), could not but be as "barbarism" to English, peculiarly English William Cowper. I must reiterate that the word-markings throughout testify to the persistence and thoroughness with which the volume was mastered, nor less to his prescience of critical insight.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

## NEW BOOKS.

### THE PLACE OF CHRIST IN MODERN THEOLOGY.*

This is a strong book. It is strong in its intellectual temper, which is that of one who believes that "nothing but good can come from the knowledge of the honest truth," but who also is convinced that "criticism which does not end in construction is without scientific character." It is strong in its spiritual tone; just here and there we have personal allusions which reveal the writer's spiritual history, and throughout there is the sincerest devotion to Our Lord and sense of His unique importance to the world. It is strong, too, in the range of ground which it covers; we have an outline of all the chief movements of Christian theological thought, of modern German philosophy as far as it touches upon theology, and of the literary criticism of the New Testament, and all given with the air of one who has first-hand knowledge of his subject, who is able to gauge alike the strength and weakness of those whom he passes in review. The portraits of Calvin, of Schleiermacher, of Goethe, of Strauss and the controversy which surged round him, are especially vivid and noteworthy. The book is therefore one which will be interesting to all students of thought, for it may be described as a philosophy of Christian doctrine in the past and a manual of theology for Protestant Christians in the present.

Dr. Fairbairn's main position is that Christ's consciousness of His relation to God—with its revelation of God's Fatherhood—is the starting-point of all Christian doctrine; with this as a touchstone he tests all past Christian theology, with this as a corner-stone he builds up a constructive theory of all the great Christian doctrines.

We believe that this is a true starting-point, and only regret that one who has seized so vividly the importance of this consciousness has not been able to add one section more and show us how he would defend the Gospels against the negative criticism which refuses to regard them as historical records of Christ's own words. But it is ill criticising a writer for that which he does not profess to do. It is obvious that in what he has done a reviewer can but touch a few of the many interesting questions which are suggested.

We would ask, first, whether, after all, the writer is not too much under the dominance of one idea both in the critical and the constructive parts. The criticism is based entirely on a theory of evolution, and we are rightly reminded that in this evolution there are two factors, the creative normative Person, Jesus Christ and His consciousness, and the controlling environment. Yet justice seems to us to be only done to the latter of these two factors: we seem to be in the presence of an evolution in which the environment absorbs and annihilates the organism. The Father-Sonship of God is almost lost in the metaphysical treatment of Greek thought and wholly destroyed in the legal formulæ of Roman law. At the beginning of the process the sub-apostolic age is represented as utterly unable to enter into the spirit of Christ; at the end of it the Tractarians are described as those who seemed least to feel the need of the return to Christ—a view extraordinarily unlike that of Dean Church, according to whom one marked feature of Tractarianism was the renewed study of the Gospels—and we are told that by the end of the second century a radical change had passed over the whole religion of Christianity; in other words, we are presented with an evolution which has produced nearly always wrong results until the time of the nineteenth century, and that is an evolution upon which it is hard to pin one's faith. We believe that a truer view would have shown us the normative organism interpreting Greek thought and Roman Law rather than merely interpreted by them, finding a true intellectual expression in Greek metaphysics and a true practical expression in Roman law. Both, no doubt, tend to become dissevered from real life and need to be recalled to contact with realities, yet both seem to us true expressions. Dr. Fairbairn seems to us especially hard upon the forensic or legal expression of truth; yet it is, if, perhaps, a hard and unattractive, yet a true and in some respects a necessary expression of truth. It is quite true that St. Paul uses νόμος in a wider sense than *lex*, yet in the particular context about sin, judgment, death (with which Dr. Fairbairn is treating) νόμος is the equivalent of *lex*, and nothing more.

We pass to the more constructive part. Here there is much that is excellent, such as the passages on the importance of Persons to the world's history, the work of Christ in History, the Temptation, the Paternal Sovereignty of God. Yet once more the treatment seems one-sided. There is a construction of Christianity as a *doctrine*, but very little of it as a worship or as a church. As a form of worship it is almost ignored, and we have little else than a denunciation of sacerdotalism. Now this would be natural in one who rejected the Epistle to the Hebrews, but our author thoroughly accepts it, and rightly shows that it discovers elements in Christianity which Paul had missed, viz., those which had their correlatives in the sacerdotal system. But, if this is so, and if the Church is to represent Christ in the world, then it is but natural that His sacerdotal work should be mediated by a sacerdotal ministry as His prophetic is by a preaching ministry. To put the same truth otherwise, it is as natural that the Church should embody the truths symbolised by the Temple as those symbolised by the Synagogue. The very slight treatment of the Apocalypse in this book is perhaps a fair type of the way in which the writer has failed to lay hold on this aspect of truth.

On the subject of the Church there is a great deal fuller treatment than on that of worship, but it seems to us vague and in the air, denying the need of any particular form of organisation or authorised instruments of grace. To represent this as the teaching of the New Testament Dr. Fairbairn is obliged to ignore a great deal. Justice is not done

* 'The Place of Christ in Modern Theology.' By A. M. Fairbairn, M.A., D.D. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

to the Gospels; the parables of the kingdom with all their many types of ordered life and ministries are omitted; and the sacramental allusions are passed over. Justice is not done to the Acts, for the action of the apostles in ordaining the deacons is thrown into the background, while the choice of them by the laity is emphasized; and justice is not done to St. Paul, for to represent him as writing to free and autonomous societies, with a unity not secured by any officers, is to forget St. Paul's own relations to those churches, and to ignore such language as that of 1 Cor. xii. 28, xiv. 36-38. It is not consistent for one who takes Christ's consciousness as his guide, to say nothing of such a text as John iii. 5, and to take as a test text of the kingdom Rom. xiv. 17, a text of St. Paul's, and one which is the least useful in the whole New Testament for an accurate definition.

There are a few passages in which Dr. Fairbairn seems to be led forward to the threshold of a belief in a strong, concrete church; there is one passage, his excellent account of St. John's Gospel, in which he shows that the most spiritual Gospel is the one which gives the richest value to the flesh, in which he draws near the threshold of the sacramental system; but in neither case does he cross the threshold. Thus, while the book is a strong and welcome plea for the Fatherhood of the Father, for the unique Sonship of the Son, for the abstract brotherhood of men, it fails to give us any conception of worship or to interpret the abstraction of brotherhood into the concrete life of a church. It may seem a paradox, but we are not sure that the failure is not due to a want of belief in the work of the Holy Spirit.

One criticism of the style and we have done. It is very vigorous; one writer has called it brilliant, but it seems to us, like the writer's argument, too much under the dominance of one form. To adopt his own criticism of Baur, "he lays an exaggerated action on the action of antithesis"; every sentence is elaborately balanced, till the effect becomes wearisome. We are reminded of the wise man's warning, "eat not too much honey," or of Lamb's advice to Coleridge "Cultivate simplicity, Coleridge, or rather banish elaborateness;" for indeed these antitheses tend at times to become very unreal and misleading; those between "spiritual and sensuous," "doctrinal and institutional" are often not strict alternatives and are purely confusing to thought. But these occur mainly where the book is polemical, and its chief value does not lie in its polemical work. It lies in its constructive contribution, and we believe that the book will do much to humanise, to vivify, and to spiritualise a faith in God and in Christ.

WALTER LOCK.

## A SCOTTISH HISTORICAL NOVEL.*

By his life of Admiral Viscount Keith, and editorship of Ramsay of Ochtertyre's 'Scotland and Scotchmen in the Eighteenth Century,' Mr. Allardyce is already favourably known as a contributor to Scottish biography and to the social history of Scotland. He now essays Scottish fiction, selecting as the groundwork of his novel the rebellion of 1715. This is one of the few striking episodes in the history of Scotland which Sir Walter Scott rather avoided. Even when writing 'Rob Roy'—and that interesting freebooter played an important, though what may be called a negative part in the battle of Killiecrankie—Sir Walter kept the rebellion of 1715 in the background, where it is only seen faintly in the distance as interesting to Diana Vernon. The hero of Mr. Allardyce's novel, who rejoices in the Falstaffian name of Bardolph, is sent from London to Braemar, where the rebellion of 1715 was organised after a fashion. His uncle, a city capitalist of Jacobite proclivities, commissions him to report on the prospects of the coming outbreak, in order that the wealthy London favourers of the Stuart cause may see their way clearly before supplying the rebel chief with the sinews of war. Bardolph is an accomplished and fashionable young gentleman who has been a member of Parliament and an associate of the chief London wits. He has rescued from the assaults of some ruffians in the London streets the heroine of the story, a lovely young Scotchwoman, who is visiting a relative in London, and who proves to be the daughter of the Laird of Balmoral, then one of the obscurest, now one of the best known districts of Scotland. The young lady having returned home, it is with the hope of seeing her in her native wilds that the hero cheerfully accepts the mission offered to him. Mr. Allardyce, it is evident, is lovingly familiar with the wild beauty and savage grandeur to which his hero is transported from the Mall and St. James's Park, and makes Mr. Bardolph the sympathetic mouthpiece of his own enthusiasm. The hero is presented to the head and front of the rebellion, the Earl of Mar, that "halfpenny Machiavel," as he is appropriately styled in the novel, a *petit maître* posing as a Montrose, as perfidious a politician as he proved to be an incompetent a commander. The tumultuous gathering of the clans before their southward march, the turbulence of the clansmen and the jealousies of their chiefs, are described with great spirit. The hero is welcomed to Balmoral by the heroine's grateful father. The young people of course fall in love with each other, and of course the father and mother prefer the claims of a neighbouring rival to those of the southern wooer, who has only slender "expectations." By inflicting on his hero two severe illnesses which retain him at Balmoral, Mr. Allardyce escapes from narrating the details of the Earl of Mar's futile campaign, and the indecisive battle of Killiecrankie, which was contemporary with the surrender of Preston to the troops of King George, and the consequent collapse of the Jacobite rising in the north of England, followed by the extinction of the rebellion in Scotland. When at last convalescent, the hero runs away with the heroine from Balmoral, and is pursued by his rival and a posse of Highlanders. The chase—all of them are on horseback—is very stirringly described. One of the best passages in the book—and it contains many that are good—is a description of the device which baffles the pursuers. They are hurrying up a hill on the long ridge of which the pursued stand at bay, while their faithful Highland associate sets fire to the heather, grass, and moss which clothe the ridge, and burn like tinder. A fierce wind is blowing in the right direction, and the fugitives, protected by a wall of fire, the blinding smoke of which is driven in the faces of the pursuers, reach Dunottar and are safe within its walls. There they find the heroine's father, himself a fugitive from the Hanoverian troops. He gives his consent to the union of the lovers. The hero's slender financial "expectations" turn out magnificent realities, and this 'Romance of the Queen's Country' ends as romances ought to end. The book is full of animation, of landscape-painting far above the average, and of picturesque sketches of Highland life as it was nearly a hundred and eighty years ago.

* 'Balmoral: A Romance of the Queen's Country.' By Alexander Allardyce, author of 'The City of Sunshine,' etc., etc. 3 vols. (Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons. 1893.)

## ODES AND EPODES OF HORACE.*

When Horace wrote *non omnis moriar*, he was not only a poet but a prophet, for after almost two millenniums he still lives and is studied in lands he never heard of. Last year his works were edited in Philadelphia, and a verse translation of the Odes was published at the Knickerbocker Press, 27, West Twenty-Third Street, New York; now in 1893 A.D., from "Barneen, Foynes," Sir S. de Vere sends us a charming rendering of the chief Odes into English lyrics, thus tempting one to explain the *me peritus discet Hiber*, of ii. 20, as "me the skilful Irishman shall study."

Surely these are striking facts. Modern languages, science, and what the Germans call "bread-studies," struggle harder every day to jostle classical learning out of our schools; yet, though a Latin quotation is no longer the hall-mark of good education, and a false quantity not now a social misdemeanour, none the less the great classical writers do still hold the field. Above them all Horace, in his Odes, seems to have the strongest attractive power. It is true that Goethe denies them "real poetic merit," allowing them only "perfection of technical mastery over words and metre, combined with a horrible realism (*nebst einer furchtbaren Realität*)," and undoubtedly of the highest inspiration they exhibit little; yet surely there must be "real poetic merit" in work which has outlived the ages, and which, since the days of Sir Philip Sidney and the Earl of Surrey,

* 'Odes and Epodes of Horace.' Translated by Sir Stephen de Vere, with Preface and Notes. (London: George Bell and Sons. 1893.)

dozens of English writers, many of them of the first rank, have endeavoured to imitate and translate. That merit in fact exists, and consists in the matchless skill with which the poet has expressed the simplest and most universal thoughts in language of inimitable truth, terseness, and felicity. Latin, in which you can say more in fewer words and with greater clearness than in any other tongue, has been his perfect instrument, and he has used it in such a way that his brief and brilliant phrases—"jewels five words long"—cling naturally to the memory, while they at once tempt and defy translation.

Take the *Justum et tenacem propositi virum*, which Cornelius de Witte recited on the rack. It fixes itself in the mind, you know not why. It is plain, strong speech such as a plain, strong man might speak. It seems perfectly simple, but try to write a stanza like it or try to translate it, and you will begin to think that there is something in it. Here is our author's translation:

"The righteous man, of purpose fixed and strong,
Scorns the depraved commands
Of angry Faction clamouring for wrong,
Nor fears the Despot's frown. Not Auster's roar. . . ."

Would lines such as these burst from the lips upon the rack? I imagine not. That, however, is not the translator's fault, for the lines are untranslatable. Thought and language and rhythm are joined together with such consummate skill that it is only detected when an attempt is made to remodel the result. Take again the following stanza:

"Not those fair lands where, slow and deep,
Through meadows rich and pastures gay
Thy silent waters, Liris, creep,
Eating the marge away."

Here the English is admirable, but the Latin is unique; the eight or nine words are like a sketch done with eight or nine strokes by a master-hand:

"*Non rura, quæ Liris quieta*
*Mordet aqua taciturnus amnis.*"

Those, however, who wish to see what a will-o'-the-wisp Horace is in luring on translators should examine the excellent selection of translations from the Odes formed by C. S. Cooper (Bell, 1880). They should turn for instance to the famous Ode to Pyrrha (i. 5) and they will find how Milton, Cowley, Leigh Hunt, and Tom Hood have combined their varied talents to make clear by contrast the merits of the original.

"*Cui fluvam religas coman,*
*Simplex munditiis?*"

asks Horace, and, like the coils of Pyrrha's golden hair, the charm of his deftly woven words excites but defies rivalry. Milton could describe an angel, but not Pyrrha, and his "plain in thy neatness" would scarcely have pleased even a Puritan damsel; Cowley shirks the difficult phrase; Leigh Hunt speaks of "unconcern so exquisite" Hood of "cunning carelessnesses;" Sir S. de Vere has "in simple neatness artlessly arrayed," but "neatness" is too respectable a word, and what about "artlessly"?

Apart, however, from necessary defects the present translator's verses, as has been long known from his previous incomplete editions in 1885 and 1886, will take a very high place among translations of the Odes. There is a genuine lyric ring and swing about many of them, their chief defect being a tendency to exuberance, as when:

"And in her infant's laughing eye,
Or silken tress, or forehead high,
The happy matron joys to trace
The image of her husband's face;"

is given for the four words, *laudantur simili prole puerperæ*; or when we have:

"The circling year, the fleeting day,
Are types of Nature's law and say
That to frail earth the fates deny
The gift of immortality,"

where the original has only two lines, and force would be gained by compression, as in Johnson's rendering:

"The changing year's successive plan
Proclaims mortality to man."

On the whole, however, while avoiding the baldness of a merely literal translation, he adheres with considerable closeness to the original, and those who once knew their Horace well will find, as they turn over these charming pages, the old familiar phrases springing up again from the stores of memory. For example, this passage from the Twenty-second Ode of the Third Book should be compared with Dryden's brilliant paraphrase of the same lines. It has less vigour and vivacity, but it is superior to Dryden in recalling Horace's own words at once to the mind, and it will also serve as a fair illustration of Sir S. de Vere's style.

"Fortune, capricious, faithless, blind,
With cruel joy her pastime plays,
Exalts, enriches, and betrays,
One day to me, anon to others kind.
I praise her while she stays;—
But when she shakes her wanton wing
And soars away, her gifts to earth I fling,
And wrapped in Virtue's mantle live and die
Content with dowerless poverty."

Dryden's version runs:—

"Fortune that, with malicious joy,
Does man, her slave, oppress,
Proud of her office to destroy
Is seldom pleased to bless;
Still various and inconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life.
I can enjoy her when she's kind;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes her wings, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away:
The little or the much she gave is quietly assigned,
Content with poverty, my soul I arm,
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm."

T. E. PAGE.

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## THE STUDY OF GOETHE.

THE English Goethe Society has renewed its youth. It had fallen on evil days, as we gather from the reports now before us. "The year 1891 opened somewhat gloomily. A certain lassitude had set in." In fact, such of the senate as had not resigned ceased to deliberate, and the citizens to assemble; legislation was at a standstill; the Republic, torn by faction, decimated by desertion, and menaced by the hostile hordes of Shakesperians and Shelleyites, was at its last gasp, and it was even proposed to remove the seat of empire to Manchester. Ere long that important province fell away and set up as an independent power, assuming the cult not only of Goethe, but of "his literary contemporaries." With these schismatics "a regrettable divergence of opinion" still continues. Some craven spirits were for winding up the concern, but a few staunch patriots combined to save the Capitol and the image of the god by a Fabian, not to say a Machiavellian, policy. This was simply to ignore the "dormant state" of the society, to regard as members all who had not formally resigned, to "show signs of life" in the form of drawing-room meetings, and in fact to act as though nothing had happened. This was all very well for the moment, but "on members being asked for their contributions too many" proved to be "mere phantoms." These recreants no doubt enrolled under the banner of Ibsen, or of the latest scavenger-poet, or possibly relapsed into tennis and plain-sewing. No doubt there are a few judicious gaps in the annals, but it would seem that the horizon was clearing when there fell a bolt from the clear sky, nothing less than the "Weimar circular" with its "hurtful legend." It seems that the faithless Saxons, despairing of the Republic, were circulating the legend of its dissolution and incorporating its subjects. Even this dire disaster has been met. Edinburgh stood firm, nor did the patriots scruple to call in the barbarians to their aid, and the Glasgow Goths are now a loyal bulwark of the Empire. The crown has been accepted by Professor Dowden; somebody else is Pontifex Maximus; flamens and augurs are composing their faces; the temple is swept out, the idol polished up, and worshippers flocking in. So all at last is well; nay, already the new government proclaims a triumph. For the veteran, Max Müller, has sent them the glorious tidings that a Grand

Duke had conferred upon him the gold medal—no the "Golden Wedding Jubilee medal"—as having been the "First President of the English Goethe Society." Well may the breast of every humbler Goethian swell with joy. But as I find no record of Prof. Müller's reign, I infer that he was probably a titular potentate only, and at all events did not avail to avert the decline and fall. I am therefore resolved to lose no time in getting up a Barbauld or Isaac Watts Society, appointing myself First President, and applying to the Most Christian King of Bonny, for his heavy, fusible, solid gold Hundredth Wedding Commemoration Medal.

Well, turning to the handsome volume of 'Transactions' for 1891-92, one finds of course plenty to laugh at, but, strange to say, a great deal more to admire. One would expect more dogmatism and dour orthodoxy from those "auld lichts." But the line laid down in the opening paper is a sound one. Discarding Carlyle's rampant adulation, they propose for a while to confine themselves to analytical inquiry, and to the collection of facts and elucidations. To this line all the earlier papers adhere. The later are less successful in suppressing the hysterical tone of the amateur-societarian. That on 'Chamisso' is fairly abstracted from the best biographer, but disfigured by feeble jokes, puerile remarks, and bad English. The author of 'The Artistic Treatment of the Faust Legend' has a marvellous knowledge of the Goethe iconography, and has given infinite pains to the subject, but the paper is a perfect burlesque of anti-quarianism. The first twenty pages positively treat of pictures which have no connection whatever with Faust. The moment he begins to argue or theorise he relapses into Teutonic vagueness and wrong-headedness, expressed in language of Teutonic obscurity. The last two pages I have not yet read; that on the Sonnets look promising; that on 'Goethe's Pessimism' the reverse.

Of the poetical translations that of Chamisso's 'Crucifix' is well done, but the poem is a silly, romantical, Schillerian concoction—very horrible, grotesque, and piously immoral. Two of Goethe's lyrics are judiciously rendered into frank, lined prose by a lady. Sir Theodore Martin perpetrates an astounding translation into English Elegiacs of the 'Roman Elegies.' His longs and shorts are delightfully arbitrary, for example, fōr, bȳ, thē, theĕ, leărn, dreary, Făustinā, etc. Some lines take a power of reading before they can be scanned at all, others for pure bathos are unrivalled. Unfortunately the worst are too indelicate to quote. Doubtless no one could have performed this *tour de force* better than Sir Theodore, but why ever did he attempt such a farce? Because the poem bears the holy name of Goethe. What of that? It is only a jumble of braggart indecency, plaster-of-paris classicism, and modern vulgarity. As to the "Amor" business, it is but the pawings of a monkey—not a live monkey after all, but rather a wooden abortion writhing on a stick in a grotesque parody of lasciviousness too mechanical to be really indecent. As to the classicism, the gorge of every scholar must rise at this ignorant travesty, this hotchpotch of Greek and Roman.

Let us turn to something better. I have read with much pleasure and, I trust, equal profit the first five papers. That on 'Goethe's Earliest Critics in England' is most important and of real use. Its luminous style and moderate tone cannot be too highly prized, though the author is blind to much of the hero's littleness. But that good judges should so long have been blind to his very real greatness is a more serious matter. De Quincey positively dismissed him as "an old vagabond." Yet a juster estimate was beginning to dawn, when Carlyle almost irretrievably damaged Goethe by his wholesale puffery, the more deplorable because he took care to hide his real opinion from the public. Such expressions as "greatest ass," "floods of insipidity," "sorry pasteboard apparatus," and so on, he reserved for private letters. Carlyle would heartily have endorsed the quotation from the *Edinburgh* of 1816, which is here gibbeted as a warning to critics: "It is a singular fact that Goethe, whose mind is really capable of appreciating the sublime and beautiful, should at the same time labour under a complete inability of avoiding the ridiculous and disgusting." That will be the last, as it was the first, word of Goethe criticism. A somewhat slighter but pleasing essay by the same author follows, and then a valuable paper by Dr. Coupland on 'Recent Contributions to the Study of Faust,' full of instruction, clearly argued and well written. He piles up the overwhelming inconsistencies in the conception of Mephistopheles, and rejects Prof. Curts's astounding scheme of reconciliation by metaphysical gymnastics, an edifice crowned by the following pinnacle of thought: "As we are sometimes in doubt which is the voice of Faust and which of Mephistopheles, so which is God, or which is Devil is occasionally dubious." "God and Mephistopheles are only two different personifications of *das ewig Eine*." Dr. Coupland falls back on the obvious alternative that 'Faust' was conceived and written at various periods and in various moods, and so is hopelessly inconsistent. He might have have added—and so has no definite scope nor meaning, and so is not a really great or perfect work.

A lady has contributed a most interesting, sensible, and well-written paper on 'Goethe as a Minister of State,' and Mr. Mensch compares and contrasts Goethe and Wordsworth in so masterly, so appreciative, and so charming a manner that no lover of either poet should miss this delightful paper. I have read no criticism so simple, clear, and just for a long time. It seems to bring us quite close to those two noblest, most fertile, and most beautiful souls. In spite of occasional mannerisms and frailties, the volume is not one to be hastily cast aside. It is full of instruction and suggestion, and is a greater credit to the society than a waggon-load of medals. If the Goethe Society under its present wise management pursues this well-chosen path, it will prosper in its mission, as it deserves. Y. Y.

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## MINIATURES AND MOODS.*

Even if these essays were not in themselves somewhat remarkable, they would be at least noteworthy as a sign of the times. The sentiments they express in a provincial assembly would sound very original and audacious, but they are really neither the one nor the other, being the orthodox ideas of a school, shared by a considerable number of young men and a few women, all ready to back each other up, and joyfully full of scorn of the rest of the world. The mark of the school is, let us say, a freedom from the opinions current outside its borders, and from the usual prejudices, and a conscious pride in this freedom, a revolt, of a decorous kind, from Puritanic traditions, and a distaste for the main tendencies of the present age. There is a great deal that is wholesome in these somewhat negative tenets. The school is useful as a corrective. Now, a revolt against the main tendencies of the age may be dictated by quixotic ideals, but quixotry is not much in fashion with the school in which Mr. Street has graduated, and without that ideal the revolt is apt to begin or to end in mere affectation. The affectation is, however, not by any means the last word here.

'Miniatures and Moods' are mostly, and very naturally, essays on seventeenth century subjects—Grammont, Buckingham, Claverhouse, and Rochester, for example. They are written in a pretty style. Indeed, a great repose and restraint mark all the members of this modern anti-Puritanic, anti-democratic caste; the eyelids of the writers never seem more than half open, and the wildest wit could surely never call up a guffaw. Courtier-like and superior tolerance are imprinted on all they do and say. Here is the keynote of the whole book and the school. "To blame is unphilosophical, and to be catholic the necessary quality; but here is one [Lord Sunderland] whose villainy somewhat jars on your sympathies, and for once you will not grudge a common moralist his edification." Mr. Street has passed beyond all the bourgeois prejudices of common moralists, but it is hardly likely that he or his fellows should have passed beyond the pride of such a rare achievement. Listen: "But the convention—that there is nothing good under the sun, that desire is the end of life—grows, in spite of Elia, tedious to minds that have outgrown the counter convention of Puritan propriety too long for constant militancy against it." The gospel that Mr. Street preaches—an unfortunate word, rather that he gently insinuates—is, so far as can be made out from these snatches, not that desire is the end of life any more than duty, but that whatever is elegant is right. Sometimes, looked at a little closer, the

*'Miniatures and Moods.' By G. S. Street. 3s. 6d. (Nutt.)

central ideas of his school may seem uncommonly like the very ordinary ones held by the man in the street, but then they are shaped and draped with grace and art. The real distinction may not unseldom belong to the "impossible citizens" pilloried here, the ridiculous "soul-searchers," who, alas! however, always employ shockingly bad tailors.

But Mr. Street is better than his utmost superiority. He says a good deal that is not only pretty, but full of heart and of truth, in "The Curse of Cleverness," for instance. "The union of a fine intellect with a great nature may be rare; that of a clever little intellect with a good nature is harder to find; but a kindly and tolerant heart is often wedded to—no intellect at all. And among our acquaintances we sometimes have need of friends." His preciousness has not destroyed his power of thinking. His standpoint is often full of thought. "Dogmas," he says, "learned early are despised and again valued—not as dogmas, but—as half-true criticisms of life. We are shut out of fairyland again for a while, and are fain to re-enter later on; we make but clumsy figures there, it may be, and are no longer full citizens, but as visitors we are humble and grateful enough." Indeed, all that is wanted to make Mr. Street and some of his elegant fellow writers a really wholesome power, is a little less elegant observation of life, which is, after all, more fatiguing to eyes and brain than a sturdy participation in some of life's struggles, campaigns, and compromises.

## A POLISH NOVEL.*

This novel was written eight-and-twenty years ago. It is not because of its artistic merit that it is now put into English. Yet, tedious and shapeless as a story, it is full of interest regarded as a chapter of history, fuller still as a study of national types and ideals. Mr. Gosse, who writes the introductory essay on the author, preserves an ominous silence about 'The Jew,' beyond giving the date and place of its publication. He hides his criticism under more general words. Speaking of Kraszewski's prodigious industry and productiveness, the editor says: "Something must, surely, have been ephemeral in such a flood of utterance; somewhere or other the equipment must have been superficial." He published five hundred original volumes on every subject under the sun, and a very fair proportion of these were novels. 'The Jew' is not the best of them, and none of them were of first-rate excellence. He was, indeed, one of the giants; from his magnificent industry, his untiring vigour, his devoted patriotism, no wonder he was the hope of his people; and if Bismarck had only put his iron grip on him a few years earlier, he would not have had the satisfaction of knowing he had broken his assailant's health and energies in the Magdeburg keep. From Geneva or London to-day, the old patriot would have been fulminating against the relics of the ex-Chancellor's policy, when he was not employed about one of a thousand other intellectual and political interests.

No single book, then, of a writer of five hundred volumes can be expected to afford any very keen artistic pleasure. But Kraszewski, in 'The Jew,' wrote out of a full and generous heart, and out of an abundance of knowledge. The book was published in Posen in 1865, two years after his final leave-taking of Poland. The scene of the tale is the insurrection of 1860, the later developments of which forced him into exile. Its first motive is not, however, to give a dramatic representation of the revolution and its actors, but to state the problem of Jewish citizenship during a time of stress, of the reconciliation between patriotism to Israel and to the land of birth.

It is a poor story, and on its narrative side obviously careless. A very incongruous party meet in the grotto salon of an inn at Sestri-Ponente, near Genoa. They consist of a serious Jew (Polish), a frivolous Jew (also Polish), his neglected and beautiful wife, a cousin of the serious one, and beloved by him in an altogether serious way, a rich Hungarian gipsy, a stolid German, a starving revolutionary Pole, a supercilious Galician, a Russian, a Dane, etc., etc. They are an entertaining company, but so far as the story is concerned, it was hardly worth while bringing them all together, for very few of them are made use of in the plot. Perhaps Italy was chosen as the opening scene to give Jacob, the serious Jew, and Ivas, the Pole, an opportunity of walking back to Poland on foot. Jacob was rich, and might have travelled as he pleased, but a quick means of transit would have prevented him from relating his biography to his new friend in his own detailed fashion. Jacob is lengthy. He knows it, and so do some of his friends, who tell him so candidly. This story we need not summarize here. His after history is of more interest. Two burning desires consume him—the one is to be a reformer of Jewish morals and conduct, to lead his people back to an austerer and a nobler faith, the other to persuade them to earn civic equality by deserving it, to perform the duties of citizens without interested motives, to be "Poles of the religion of Moses." On his return to Poland, he finds bigoted Jews, and frivolous Jews, and free-thinking Jews, and selfish Jews, but the faith he sought for burnt low at that time, and few would kindle their lights at his torch. He was scoffed at, and called a madman, and his religious mission, as far as could be seen, ended in nothing at all. In spite, too, of his desire for a closer alliance with Poland against her oppressors, his conscience held him back from many opportunities. His national caution, the "cold reasoning," the patience of the Jews, forbade his siding with the reckless measures of the revolutionists. "I can only comprehend a conspiracy like ours, which has lasted two thousand years, and which has led us to a regeneration. It has agglomerated our forces in a solid and vigorous union. Your conspirators have something feverish about them that can end only in morbid decadence." He refuses money for arms to Ivas, and Ivas who loves him, says, "If to-morrow I receive the order to kill you for your disobedience to the revolutionary committee, I will come with [*sic*] cold blood to stab you." For all his devotion and resolute character he is no born leader. He inspires respect but no enthusiasm. He is a devoted propagandist, a humble forerunner of a Messiah perhaps, but no fiery, awakening John the Baptist. Only when Ivas dies in his arms, when he is brought face to face with the heroism of the young Poles, reckless and all in vain, but which to an idealist like him is so much more like what he has been seeking for than any "cold reasoning," however wise, only then does he throw himself heart and soul into the revolt. "I, who had refused money for the revolution," he writes, "I would offer my life." He did shed his blood, but he did not die, nor, in fact, did anything in particular happen to him. True, he was an exile, but his love affair turns out successfully, and you take leave of him and Mathilde in the ridiculous grotto salon at Sestri-Ponente, where by a coincidence dear to old-fashioned novel-writers there turn up, one after another—with some gaps, Ivas, for instance—the travellers of Chapter I., who exchange experiences and views of life. Jacob is still an idealist, and an optimist: "Patience, and the storm will disappear." Henri the frivolous is cynical as ever; the others are as they were. The story is truly a fizzle.

The glimpses of the native Polish scenes and characters are brief but vivid. The Count A. Z. is, of course, Zamojski, and the translator might as well have named him, as he is no more mysterious than Wielopolski. The translation is creditable, but not perfect. There are a good many slips—an obvious one on p. 69—and a good many foreign turns of expression. In England we stab *in* not *with* cold blood, we offer with a good "will" and not a good "heart," and we don't recognise the malady called "the nose-bleed." But such slight awkwardnesses are not of serious importance. To artistic excellence the book lays little claim. The interest lies all in the subject itself, in the humanity, the liberality of the tone, in the full knowledge of the writer, in his sympathy with national ideas and tragic failures. G-Y.

* The Jew. Translated from the Polish of J. I. Kraszewski. By L. da Kowalewska. International Library. (Heinemann.)

## THE ALDINE WORDSWORTH.*

Future editions of Wordsworth will probably be based on this one, so excellent is the work Professor Dowden has put into it. A few gaps it leaves for other workers to fill up, but of work of a substantial kind there is little left to do. The Editor owes much, of course, to the labours

* The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth. Edited, with Memoir, by Edward Dowden. 7 vols. (G. Bell and Sons.)

of his forerunners, and he refers to the help he has received from Mr. Hutchinson, Professor Knight, and others, in terms of generous acknowledgment; but, zealous as their study has been, Professor Dowden must be looked on as the chief of the band of Wordsworth scholars. It wants only a little examination to see that the new Aldine edition is the result of a really vast amount of well-spent labour.

The edition is complete, except for the omission of the first book of the 'Recluse,' only published in 1888, and therefore copyright. The text is that of 1849-50. Professor Dowden thinks it is not only the most authoritative, but on the whole the best, and a close examination of the variations will convince us that he is right, though a small number of earlier and better versions of particular poems are excluded by the rigorous adherence to it. "You know what importance I attach to following strictly the last copy of the text of an author," wrote Wordsworth in 1830, and perhaps that should suffice us, as it has his latest editor. In the notes, however—by the bye, notes so elaborate as these should always be printed in separate volumes—the variations of the "ever-changing text" are given, not perhaps exhaustively, but more exhaustively than they have ever been given before. It is an open question whether they deserved so painstaking and complete a record. Many of them are very unimportant, only showing that he fumbled a good deal in his choice of words, and that he fidgeted till he found the expression he liked, not always the best in his readers' opinion. Minute students, however, will be rewarded for their examination of them, and others can leave them alone. The striking changes are, on the whole, few, and there are hardly any such in the greater poems, where the words were evidently almost inevitable from the first—in 'Tintern Abbey,' for instance. Trifling, too, are the variations in the 'Ode on the Intimations of Immortality,' though he did omit, in deference to Coleridge's doubtfully valid reasons, the lines—

> "To whom the grave
> Is but a lonely bed, without the sense or sight
> Of day or the warm light;
> A place of thought, where we in waiting lie."

He had sometimes better cause for his omissions, of the moral at the end of "A whirl-blast from behind a hill," for instance:—

> "Oh! grant me, Heaven, a heart of ease,
> That I may never cease to find,
> Even in appearances like these,
> Enough to nourish and to stir my mind"—

and of the notorious

> "To the Pool's further margin then I drew,
> He being all the while before me full in view."

By the adoption of the latest text we are gainers mostly, *e.g.*, "Myself will to my darling be," etc., for the former "Her teacher I myself will be, she is my darling, and with me," and "It is a beauteous evening, calm and free" for "A fairer face of evening cannot be." But we are losers too. The last text of 'The Daisy' ("In youth from rock to rock I went") is tamer for the alteration of the lines in the 1807 edition—

> "Child of the year! that round doth run
> Thy course, bold lover of the sun,
> And cheerful when the day's begun
> As morning leveret;"

while the "More welcome notes to weary bands" is not worth the earlier "So sweetly to reposing bands." The changes in the text of 'Laodamia' are more than verbal; they show the poet's varying moods regarding her crime and the justification of her punishment. In an edition of this kind, Professor Dowden has done well not to give a mosaic of the different texts. There is a great and interesting opportunity in that direction; but we do not envy the treatment which would be meted out by fervent Wordsworthians to whosoever should dare the task. Matthew Arnold, of course, did something of the kind, but on a small scale.

It may be a matter of regret to many readers that the editor has clung to Wordsworth's own classification. But any chronological arrangement is bound to be very faulty and misleading, and the poet himself objected to it strongly, looking on it as an egotistic method, "placing interest in himself above interest in the subjects treated by him which could not belong to a true poet caring for the elements of poetry in their true proportions." The 1888 edition (Macmillan) attempted the chronological method, "with many failures and omissions," says Professor Dowden. The chronological notes and table in the present edition are certainly more accurate, still even here it has been found necessary to have recourse to superior guessing. But the poet's words are enough for a pious editor, more especially when he has convinced himself that Wordsworth's arrangement was the result of a natural, logical, organic plan, in which the successive steps of growth can be distinctly traced. He is a little fanciful in his attempts to prove this; and though his arrangement of thirty-six sonnets to show the poet's sequence of thought is interesting and ingenious, its continuance is not the most profitable game to play at in reading Wordsworth. We give in to the arrangement insisted on by the poet after 1815, but we think it is a waste of ingenuity to prove it is absolutely the best.

The bibliography is highly satisfactory, though it does not pretend to completeness. Here the editor pays a deserved tribute to Mr. Tutin's work in the Globe edition of 1888. Professor Dowden's is the more complete with regard to the volumes published in the poet's lifetime, including as it does references to the memorial lines written after the death of Lamb, the privately printed lines to Grace Darling, 1843, and to a second edition of the 'Ode on the Installation of Prince Albert at Cambridge,' omitted in the other; and the notes are fuller. On the other hand a longer list of editions published since Wordsworth's death, and a list of biographies and critical articles, will be found in Mr. Tutin's bibliography.

For the sake of easy reference we could wish that some difference of type, or liberal spacing, had marked off the different sets of notes, Wordsworth's, Miss Fenwick's, and the editor's. The last deal mainly with matters of chronology and variations of the text. Luckily they do not examine the poems in the spirit of a member of a literary society. But having ransacked every available source, he has been able to throw a considerable amount of new light on the circumstances amid which the poems were written. This is a wide field, and to wander in it is one of the chiefest joys of a studious lover of Wordsworth. In no other poet do life and poem go hand in hand in such daily companionship: he cures us of the scorn of life. And that is why the extracts from Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal and other sources cannot be too lavish. Yet in his valuable notes to the 'Excursion' the editor gives a by no means superfluous warning regarding the poet's topography, reminding us that though founded on fact, its truth is ideal, not literal.

In one direction Professor Dowden has certainly left room for a follower. He has attempted very little in the way of illustrating Wordsworth otherwise than by his own utterances and those of his immediate friends. What the poet read is important. He borrowed or quoted a good deal, and sometimes apparently from memory. The revision and identification of his quotations and the suggesters of some of his passages would be a useful future addition.

The memoir is intentionally slight, for indeed enough already has been written of Wordsworth. But enthusiasm for the man who, "more than any other writer, was for me a teacher and inspirer during many years," glows all through it, and not in the memoir alone. It must indeed be enviable to have repaid in some measure this inspiration and this teaching by such laborious, intelligent, and pious homage.

G-Y.

## THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

PILGRIMAGE TO AL-MADINAH AND MECCAH. By Sir Richard Burton. 2 vols. Memorial Edition. (Tylston and Edwards.)

Even Burton never wrote anything better than his Pilgrimage to Mecca. After years one's appetite returns to it, and on a second reading one is more than ever struck by the amount of marvel and of peril which he takes for granted and mentions as mere circumstance. It is a great book of travels, though not a few books have been better arranged and more ambitiously written. Many a modern explorer has told of even stranger things, but except him who wandered less far afield, in Spanish mountains and

by English roadside and dingles, who has known better than Burton how to reflect the fascination of travel itself? Here is his description of the "thorough-bred wanderer's indiosyncrasy." It is, he says, "a composition of what phrenologists call 'inhabitiveness' and 'locality' equally and largely developed. After a long and toilsome march, weary of the way, he drops into the nearest place of rest to become the most domestic of men. For a while he smokes the 'pipe of permanence' with an infinite zest; he delights in various siestas during the day, relishing withal deep sleep during the dark hours; he enjoys dining at a fixed dinner hour, and he wonders at the demoralisation of the mind which cannot find means of excitement in chit-chat or small talk, in a novel or a newspaper. But soon the passive fit has passed away; again a paroxysm of *enuui* coming on by slow degrees, Viator loses appetite, he walks about his room all night, he yawns at conversations, and a book acts upon him as a narcotic. The man wants to wander, and he must do so, or he shall die."

Lady Burton in her preface says: "During the last forty-eight years of his life he lived only for the benefit and for the welfare of England and of his countrymen, and of the Human Race at large." We endorse this if "only" be omitted and if we put a free interpretation on all the terms used. He was a magnificent fellow, but you recognise his worth in reading his own stirring narratives better than in such rhapsodies. Hence the use of the new memorial edition, a handsome one (save for the pictures), and for which we owe gratitude to Lady Burton's devotion and the publishers' care.

BEN JONSON. Edited by Brinsley Nicholson, M.D. In 3 vols. Vol. I. With an Introduction by G. H. Herford. Mermaid Series. (Unwin.)

The recontinuance of this series is a thing to congratulate one's self upon. When the issue of these "best plays of the old dramatists" ceased it was felt to be a misfortune by those who wished for reliable editions at popular prices. The popular price adopted may account for a few external defects which we should like to see altered, but, to judge from the first volume, it has had no bad effect on the editing. The texts are meant to be literal reproductions of the old ones, and Dr. Brinsley Nicholson, who is responsible for this department, is a scrupulous editor. The amendments and additions of Gifford he has omitted, and the plan adopted has been to adhere to the text of the quartos published shortly after the production of the plays, modified by reference to the 1616 folio, where the first plays were revised, and to the two-volumed folio of 1631-1640, the first volume of which was a slightly revised edition of the 1616 folio, and the second of which, published after Jonson's death, contained versions of plays after 1613, revised by the author. The plays given in this volume are "Every Man in his Humour," "Every Man out of his Humour," and "The Poetaster." A word should be said about the share of the other editor, Professor Herford. His introduction stands out among work of the kind. It is a real contribution to criticism, able and broad-minded. It explodes many little conventional opinions about Jonson, dear to the readers and writers of text-books, and does full justice to the magnificent ntellectual force of Jonson's genius.

VERSES. By Dora Sigerson. (E. Stock.)

Under such a modest name do Miss Sigerson's poems present themselves. Yet they are very good: four or five of them will keep fresh in the memory of sympathetic readers; and of how few verse-books can one say as much? Miss Sigerson's muse is Irish. Changelings and fairies, old world customs and legends, fit her verse best, though the ordinary themes of modern poets she handles prettily enough. 'A Summer's Day,' for instance, has charm and brightness—

"Well, love, so be it as you say,
Just the hours of a summer's day,
And no sighing for what comes after,
Whether it is tears or laughter."

From all the poems, to show her at her best, I would pick out two. One is the lament of a girl who has swept the hearth, set the chair, and spread the board on All Souls' Eve for her dead lover. But the meeting of spirits is a terrible thing, and

"The chair I set from the cold and wet, he took when he came from unknown skies
Of the land of the dead, on my bent brown head I felt the reproach of his saddened eyes;
I closed my lids on my heart's desire, crouched by the fire, my voice was dumb.
At my clean-swept hearth he had no mirth, and at my table he broke no crumb.
Deelish! Deelish! my woe for ever that I could not sever coward flesh from fear.
His chair put aside when the young cock cried, and I was afraid to meet my dear."

The other, 'Cean Duv Deelish' (Dear Black Head), is still better. It is the strongest utterance of this young poetess, and proves her worthy of a welcome from English readers:—

"Cean duv deelish, beside the sea
I stand and stretch my hands to thee
Across the world.
The riderless horses race to shore
With thundering hoofs and shuddering roar,
Blown manes uncurled.

Cean duv deelish, I cry to thee
Beyond the world, beneath the sea,
Thou being dead.
Where hast thou hidden from the beat
Of crushing hoof and tearing feet,
Thy dear black head?

Cean duv deelish, 'tis hard to pray
With breaking heart from day to day,
And no reply;
When the passionate challenge of sky is past
In the teeth of the sea and an angry blast
Goes by.

God bless the woman, whoever she be,
From the tossing waves will recover thee,
And lashing wind.
Who will take thee out of the wind and storm,
Dry thy wet face on her bosom warm,
And lips so kind.

I not to know. It is hard to pray,
But I shall for this woman from day to day,
"Comfort my dead,
The sport of the winds and the play of the sea,"
I loved thee too well for this thing to be,
O dear black head!"

THREE WINCHESTER BOOKS.

A CITY OF MEMORIES. By A. R. Bramston and A. C. Leroy. Etchings by W. B. Roberts. (Wells, Winchester.) (Nutt.)
THE ANCIENT WAYS. Winchester fifty years ago. By the Rev. W. Tuckwell. (Macmillan.)
SCHOOL LIFE AT WINCHESTER COLLEGE. By R. B. Mansfield. Third Edition. (Nutt.)

The quincentennial anniversary of Winchester College has called out these books, but, unlike most anniversary publications, they are worth reading and keeping. The riches of Winchester custom and tradition forbade dulness or mere padding. Mr. Tuckwell's book is a brightly written account of personal experience and reminiscences, including, of course, abundant historical and traditional references, with some charming illustrations of the College and the neighbourhood. Mr. Mansfield's is an old book revived, and a very amusing one. It is not written in so polished a manner as Mr. Tuckwell's, but it is a mine of information on old-time fashions, conventions, and language, in which probably no other school is half so rich or so strongly individual. The coloured prints, illustrating sports and meals and school ceremonies, artistically worthless, have an old-fashioned flavour about them in keeping with the things they tell of, while the glossary at the end, of Winchester words and phrases, is a curiosity for the student of language. Both the books tell of hard fare, hard knocks, and scant comfort, but without undue grumbling or reproach, for pride in the picturesqeness, the antiquity, and the individuality of their school is never lacking in sons of Wykeham. The third book is chiefly notable for its illustrations. It does not commemorate the school chiefly, but consists of pleasantly written sketches of the principal characters and episodes associated with the town. The illustrations, etchings, and engravings are charming. Those who know the old city, and those who do not, should seek the pleasure of memory or of anticipation by possessing them.

POEMS BY TWO BROTHERS. (Macmillan.)

This is a facsimile edition of the 'Poems by Two Brothers,' 1827. In addition, however, there are here also some poems belonging to that period not included in the Louth volume, and 'Timbuctoo.' Then the initials of the young poets have been added, though the identification is not vouched for in all cases. Little interest attaches to any comparison between the excellence of Charles and Alfred. The inspiration, the sentiments, the standpoints of the two were very similar. Perhaps Alfred had experimented more widely and successfully in metre. He was indeed prompt to catch a metre and to repeat it. Moore had breathed into his ear, with this result—

"The winds shall blow by thee, abandon'd, forsaken,
The wild gale alone shall arouse thy sad strain;
For where is the heart or the hand to awaken
The sound of thy soul-soothing sweetness again?"

Byron too, evidently—

"I call upon Cyrus! He comes from afar,
And the armies of nations are gather'd to war;
With the blood of thy children thy path shall be red,
And the bright sun of conquest shall blaze o'er his head."

The sense of the magnificence of words was on him already; though the words be but names he knew they had their value. Witness these lines from his 'Ode to Sublimity'—

"Th' uneven waste, the violent Simoom,
Thy snow-clad peaks, stupendous Gungstree!
Whence springs the hallow'd Jumna's echoing tide,
Hoar Cotopaxi's cloud-capt majesty,
Enormous Chimborazo's naked pride,
The dizzy Cape of Winds that cleaves the sky,
Whence we look down into eternity."

As to promise for the future, beyond a rare conscientious dignity of language, a sense of fine-sounding words, the later Tennyson's special notes are not here audible—except of course in 'Timbuctoo'—though there is abundant performance for any lad of genius. The sentiments are austere. Evil and remorse are spoken of with passionate vagueness, and love just as indefinitely. The most vigorous are inspired by public events, by historical incidents, by rumours of far-away and wonderful lands. They breathe a ceaseless curiosity, and they are all profusely and learnedly annotated. The editor, the present Lord Tennyson, begs that the poems here identified as Alfred's may never be inserted in future editions of his father's works.

FOLIA LITTERARIA. By J. W. Hales. (Seeley.)

Professor Hales's notes are excellent. He should not have included amongst them the essays. The notes will be valued by the sober student of English literature anxious to see the evidence on certain, difficult, obscure, and disputed points set down by one who has done much searching himself, and whose experience has given him practice in lucid exposition. Unfortunately the book makes an appeal to another class of readers by the essays on 'The Last Decade of the Last Century' and 'Victorian Literature.' Neither is satisfactory, the one being very general, and containing nothing new on a well-worn subject, the other, though its substance was delivered as Royal Institution Lectures in 1888, being curiously out of date. It has the merit of cheerfulness, it says that everything is going to turn out all right for poetry and every other good thing in the future, but it is not stimulating or suggestive. A third essay, too, on 'Old English Metrical Romances,' admirable as a summary or a chapter in a text-book, is not a very original contribution to our information, and was hardly worth printing here. The notes, however, especially those on Chaucer, in a lesser degree those on Milton, Sir John Davies, and the 'Confessio Amantis,' and a delightful introductory account of the romance of Eger and Grim, are worthy the attention of all who are students of English literature either from love or circumstance.

SCOTS MINSTRELSIE. Edited and Arranged by John Greig, M.A., Mus. Doc. Vol. III. (Jack, Edinburgh.)

The chief characteristic of the third volume of this really excellent collection is the larger number of Highland airs it includes. Subscribers are looking for this feature, and hoping that in the remaining volumes it may be still richer, so that the collection may deserve its descriptive title of "A National Monument of Scottish Song." The chief criticism we have to offer is that hardly a stern enough censorship has been exercised. There are one or two songs here, as there are in the earlier volumes, that are trivial and unworthy of their neighbours, and as the object of the collection is excellence rather than completeness, it was a pity not to keep the standard as high as possible. The illustrations are still artistically out of keeping with the sightliness of the rest, but that is a less serious criticism. Dr. Greig's notes, literary and musical, continue to be interesting. That they conjecture a good deal makes them the more readable. The setting of the songs is a great advance on most earlier collections, and the type cannot be praised too highly. Of course the editor has not only had to choose the particular version of the words for his edition, but of the airs too. He has used a large discretion here, in adapting old tunes to new words, Highland tunes to Lowland words, and in other ways. Sometimes we wish he had given a choice of words, and sometimes, especially for 'O wert thou in the cauld blast,' a choice of tunes.

THE POETS OF IRELAND. A Biographical Dictionary with Bibliographical Particulars. By D. J. O'Donoghue. Part 3. (Author, 1, Eleanor Grove, Barnes Common.)

Mr. O'Donoghue has brought his labour of love to an end. Part 3 extends from M to Z, and includes, besides appendices with additions and corrections, a list of collections of Irish poetry. Lest he should omit anybody of worth, the editor has omitted nobody at all—at least that is one's conclusion on examining the work—not even contributors to Poet's Corners of country papers. The plan has its merits. The obscure ones, past and present, will like to be in good company, and the others are not harmed. This concluding part contains, of course, many notable names—Tom Moore, "Sliabh Cuilinn," Mr. W. B. Yeats, Miss Tynan, and Miss Barlow (the last in an appendix), but also some notable ones that are not generally associated with poetry, such as Lady Blessington (Amabel Power), Captain Mayne Reid, John Sterling, and Mr. William O'Brien, M.P. The biographies are in most cases full enough for purposes of reference, and evidently considerable attention has been paid to the bibliography, but in the useful list of Irish Anthologies, Appendix C, why is Dr. Hyde's collection omitted? The dictionary is a faithful, patriotic bit of work, and if it be mostly its own reward, the reward will still not be wanting.

## NOVEL NOTES.

GHETTO TRAGEDIES. By I. Zangwill. (McClure.)

As an interpreter of the Jew to the Gentile, at once a naturalist painter of Hebrew speech and manners, and a revealer of Hebrew ideals, Mr. Zangwill is already known. In this field he has a magnificent opportunity and few rivals. The life of modern Jews, even in London, where they are more absorbed in the population than anywhere else, has recesses and sanctuaries which few Gentiles guess. Not only in the East End, among the poor and the wretched, are their religion and ritual a great fact, but behind the complacent comfort of Jewish villadom there lingers still a wealth of Eastern ceremony and sentiment, a picturesqueness of custom out of which the spirit has not all died, and a tenacity of racial habit without parallel in a shifting age. Modern Hebrew life presents the rare spectacle of a ceaseless struggle for money, which is quite unable to kill the religious and the poetical sentiments. Mammon is not wholly victor. It is not, however, with the Judaism of Bayswater that Mr. Zangwill deals here, but of the East End, and of foreign countries. A few of his pages almost convince us that his race has found a masterly interpreter in Mr. Zangwill, and the rest is pure disappointment. Of the four stories, "Satan Makatrig," "The Diary of a Meshumad," "Incurable," and "The Sabbath Breaker," the second and third deserve high praise, and now and again, in all of them, the inner life of Judaism, its exalted moments, its fervid domestic affections, the significance of its symbols, the pathos of its memories, are depicted in a way for which we have only the most sympathetic admira-

tion. The religious ecstacy of Rivkoly, in the first story, the early racial instincts of the apostate, in the second—instincts triumphing over all the influences and the self-interest of his later life—the painful adherence to every possible letter of the law, even in its heroic breach, in "The Sabbath Breaker," are described with quiet force. But here hesitation comes in. In the first place, he has not proved that he can write a story; rather he has proved that he can markedly fail. "Satan Makatrig" is the most ambitious from a narrative point of view, but, with much good detail, it is a jumble of improbabilities, a heap of uncalled for exaggerations. It is a story of neither this world nor another, neither natural nor supernatural, striving after effect, yet ineffective. A study in religious fanaticism, and of blasphemous mania, it needed sobriety of treatment, for want of which it has little coherence and carries no conviction. It is difficult at first to say wherein lies Mr. Zangwill's defect, but we steal upon it in 'Incurable.' This sketch of life in an East-end Refuge has in it an incident very striking and truly pathetic. Sarah, the bed-ridden paralytic, has a faithless husband. She taxes him with his neglect and desertion, and he does not deny it, but excuses himself with shuffling, whining cowardice. His wife is not without a feeling of bitter indignation at her luckless fate and scorn for his weakness. But she will not have him live in sin, and so she commands him to bring her the Gett—the voluntary acceptance of which by the wife annuls a marriage. The episode is really sublime, but it is nearly spoilt by the accessories, by the heaping up of the agony of the surroundings, by a struggle for effect which overreaches itself. The second story, which is more reflective than narrative, is artistically far better. It is the diary of a Russian Jew who became an apostate in his youth, married a Christian, and brought up his son Paul in the Christian faith. But in the afternoon of his life he finds that the old belief is strong in him still, that old memories are dearer and nearer to him than any of the advantages of his apostasy, than the thought of his dead wife, dearer than anything save Paul. And Paul, ignorant of his origin, is an orthodox bigot, an inciter of anti-Semitic riots and cruelty. The four tragedies are all remarkable, full of tender statement, and wrapped about by picturesque circumstance. But Mr. Zangwill is not yet an artist. His earlier literary sins have left him an unfortunate legacy. No one can write 'Bachelors' Clubs' and 'Old Maids' Clubs' with impunity. The popular success of such attempts is dearly bought by any one who aims at literature, and finds his hand subdued to the baser stuff it has worked in. Mr. Zangwill is by nature an idealist. He is an idealist who went astray for a time, but he is on the right track now.

SOMETHING WRONG. By E. Nesbit. (Innes.)

Given a very limited number of words, the cramped space, say, at the disposal (for fiction) of an evening paper at a busy season, and few story-tellers can do so well as the one who signs herself E. Nesbit. She has a strong leaning towards the weird, and her 'Grim Tales' were successfully gruesome. Two of those in the present volume, 'Something Wrong' and 'The Judgment,' look as if they had been crowded out of the earlier collection; but about the others there is the brightness of actual life. They seem like slight expansions and developments of a word heard at a street corner, the look of a passer-by, the scent from a village garden. She is most successful with simple folks, and the best story here is 'The Blue Rose,' a delightful piece of rustic cynicism. It is a tale of a country girl's freak and deceit and repentance, as told in after years by her companion, who had abetted the deceit, but not repented, and who had reaped advantages over her sensitive friend, besides enjoying the self-righteous feeling of not having added to the scandal of confession. 'Tim' is the story of a preternaturally intelligent dog, and 'The Linguist,' somewhat in Coppée's manner, is an obvious exaggeration. But none of them are wearisome, and in spite of their brevity none of them are shallow.

CONCERNING OLIVER KNOX. By G. Colmore. International Novel Series. (Unwin.)

If you can imagine all the poetry, in fact all the genius, exhaustively taken out of 'Wuthering Heights,' and merely the sensation and the lack of experience left, you will be ready to understand the kind of personages to be met with here, and the kind of air they breathe. As to the personages. Well, first, concerning Oliver Knox. He is a monster without a redeeming feature, a Heathcliffe without the fascination, and apparently without the excuse. He finds a rakish old French refugee in possession of his ancestral estate, whom he can dupe, a foolish step-daughter of the Frenchman to be duped still further and married for her fortune, and a peasant beauty to respond to his lawless love in the most willing fashion. He has the cunning and the venom of a serpent, the revengeful heart of a tiger, and the temper and bearing of a Quilp. The story itself is hideous, and the fate of Knox's two sons, Lavinia's and the peasant girl's, loathsome. But you are not moved over much, for the mere fixing of the date at the beginning of the century, and of the scene in a remote moorland country, does not lend the story probability. It is melodrama without a sentimental interest, cold-blooded sensation. It does not impress or terrify; it revolts.

A CHANGE OF AIR. By Anthony Hope. (Methuen.)

'A Change of Air' has, in the first place, a capital subject. There is something in the development of the story, perhaps, which may disappoint those who read it with a demand in their hearts for rigorous poetic justice, but the author has at least chosen the most comfortable development of the situation, and possibly—here we are doubtful—there may be just a trifle of cynicism in the way he makes things turn out. Dale Bannister is, or was, a poet who sang of the brotherhood of man, the sacred duty of tyrannicide, and vowed hatred to oligarchies and aristocracies. His verses were not only revolutionary but immoral, and he became rich by them. Here we feel ourselves in the region of romance. However, let that pass. He was an emancipated poet, and he made a fortune, and leaving the Bohemian circles where he had struggled for name and gold, he took a country house near Market Denborough, and, with some visitors, proceeded to wake up the neighbourhood. The orgies were very innocent that took place at Littlehill, the chief items on the programme being lawn tennis on Sundays, an absence of ceremony in the reception of visitors, a mixture of classes in the invited guests, and the shouting of Mr. Swinburne's most inflamed sentiments before respectable props of Church and State. But they did wake up the neighbourhood. The owner of Littlehill and his guests were given the cold shoulder or welcomed according to their neighbours' shades of politics: nobody ignored them. Dale was a genius and a revolutionary, but, at least after coming to Denborough, he felt that he wrote for sensible people, who would not desire to translate his sentiments into pistols and dynamite. The local doctor, however, a struggling practitioner, an idealist and a fanatic at heart, hails him as an evangelist, takes his fiery words in all literalness, and quotes them to such an extent that he loses his practice and brings his wife and child to poverty. A temptation, meanwhile, assails his hero. The squire's daughter, a beauty, disapproves of Dale's poetry, but falls in love with Dale, and the end is easy to be seen. Dale is not made in heroic mould. From writing unexceptionable verses to A Fair Saint—the Squire's daughter—it is an easy step to a book of poems on patriotic themes, vague enough to be construed by the Squire and his family into a defence of the powers that be, and from the publication of 'Amor Patriæ,' it is again not an impossible step to write an Ode to the Duke of Mercia, the guest of Denborough at a public ceremony. Janet is the chief, though not the only, cause of his apostasy; her surroundings, very sympathetic to a luxury-loving poet, do their share. But there is Another—a Bohemian by race, though not by nature. Dale has been very friendly with her, and the long visits she pays with her mother to Littlehill are the cause of quite unnecessary scandal. She loves Dale passionately, and he is fond of her, but she belongs to his Bohemian past, and he feels Janet and her circle will better inspire his genius in the future. Then the madman of a doctor comes near to spoiling everything. His own poverty he put down at no man's door, but this apostasy of him on whom the hopes of the democracy were set was intolerable, and Dale must die. And he would have died, like his would-be murderer, who shot himself, had not a woman

been in the way to receive the bullet. It was not Janet but the other. Here an interesting part of the plot comes in, which it is not expedient to reveal. It is very ingenious; but was it merely invented to make the reader feel more comfortable in beholding Nelly's disappointment? Dale and Janet, of course, marry, and their lines fall in pleasant places, and doubtless he is now writing "nice" verses when he is writing any at all. The author sees through him and his easy-going selfishness, but he does not punish him for his apostasy or anything else. Being wiser than poor mad Roberts, he treats him as the world would so easy-mannered, amusing, and accommodating a young man. The reflective and charitable reader's comments find expression in the words and conduct of Philip Hume, a shrewd and tolerant philosopher. The story is a clever one. There is a bright youthfulness about it, and an amiable appreciation of the humours and the weaknesses of country life.

THE FATE OF SISTER JESSICA. By F. W. Robinson. 3 vols. (Hurst and Blackett.)

We were prepared to follow Jessica to the bitter end of the third volume, though she came by her death in the earlier pages of volume i. This fact was promising. If the story did nothing but begin backwards, that was at least something of a novelty. Then we discovered that she was not the heroine of a three-volumed novel at all; that she was one of many heroines; that the three volumes were volumes of short stories. Is this a usual mode of publication? We wonder if it is profitable to the author. Out of those we have read—tales of commercial life, hospital life, low life, sporting life—we like one pretty well, 'Haunted by Harriet,' and one very much indeed, 'The Minions of the Moon.' No one can resist a really courteous, fine-mannered highwayman. The leader of the 'minions' is that. And he is so faithful in love, and so dauntless in war, and is so prettily converted by a pair of bright eyes and a ballad! In fact, he is everything a highwayman should be.

ARNOLD BOLSOVER'S LOVE STORY. By T. A. Pinkerton. 2 vols. (Sonnenschein.)

Mr. Pinkerton is a writer who takes pains. Indeed, the worst that can be said of him is that his carefulness is a little too perceptible. He is determined that we shall have no vague and imperfect impressions of Millington, the scene of several of his novels, and of what Millington's inhabitants look like, what they talk about, how they make their money, and how they make love. The effect is produced in a roundabout way, perhaps, but it is produced. This story is in quiet tones, as befits the hero's fate, for his love-story, though a good deal more heroic than most romances, ended in nothing at all. Arnold's conduct throughout would have been quite enough to reveal the kind of man he was, but it is Mr. Pinkerton's way to describe minutely, and this is his introduction of Bolsover. "He would at any time allow one of his best sentences to be cut short in the middle, but he generally ended in showing that he knew more of the subject than most people thought. . . . For all his humility Arnold Bolsover often boasted about himself, so to say, under his breath. He never, for all his politeness and submissiveness, got far from himself. At the same time, he was not largely or generally vainglorious; he did not dream of imaginary heroisms; he never imagined himself commanding an army, or brilliantly championing a great cause; his aspirations were all confined to what he could do, and his ambition soared no higher than a seat in the House of Commons." Not a very striking man out of Millington, and even in Millington his self-repression had prevented the development of the qualities that would have captivated the beautiful Rose Dumoulin. His years of devotion were not, however, without their reward. In the midst of his loneliness in a South American city, whither he fled as a ruined bankrupt, having inherited the wreck of a once prosperous bank, he could call to mind, at least, that the fortune of Rose was saved at considerable cost to himself. His heroism as well as his faults—for he was not incapable of tricks—had to be of a financial character. This businesslike, reserved, elderly young man interests us more than the more brilliant and humorous personages of the story. But only one would we willingly do without—that little imp of precocity and impossibility, Liana. We forgive her existence on condition that Mr. Pinkerton lets her come to her natural bad end in a future story.

## THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

### REGULATIONS FOR YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

1. *All MSS. must bear the real name and address of the writer, and also initials or* nom de plume *for designation in* THE BOOKMAN. *(An infringement of this regulation is the frequent cause of the delay in noticing MSS. that are sent.)*

2. *Should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.*

3. *MSS. received on or before the 15th of the month will be noticed if possible, in the next number.*

4. *Not more than one contribution may be sent by any one contributor in one month.*

5. *The terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application to the*

*Editor of the Young Author's Page,*
*'Bookman' Office,*
*27, Paternoster Row, London,*

*to whom all MSS. must be addressed.*

*The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.*

A MERE VERSE MAKER.—The verses are creditable. The first two have sense, but are a little dull. The hero of the third was too cautious to be interesting, and the heavenly messenger a trifle prosy. Of the alternative endings, I think the first is the better. The fourth poem is the best. Some of the stanzas are really good—the first three. It wants a great deal of weeding. Whole verses should be cut out—1, 2, 3, and 4 of Pt. ii., for instance, and some of Pt. iii. The metre of No. 5 is unsuitable for the subject. Don't cut metrical capers when you are in a moralizing frame of mind.

A. H.—This is rhapsody, not poetry, but there is some sense in it, and poetical sense in one of the three, the second. You could do something with it. I'd advise you to leave the others alone, but the 'Love and Pain' one deserves re-handling. If you go on writing verse you may find out in the end a metreless form that may suit your muse, but as you are only a beginner it would be well first for you to try whether metre is hampering to you, or only difficult. There is an attempt at form here, but it is adhered to with little perseverance. I recommend you to try the subject in a simple lyrical metre; say, in quatrains. At all events, the present form, a mixture of faulty blank verse and occasional short rhyming couplets, won't do. The descriptive word you suggest does not sum up your case.

A. U. S.—You have a very fantastic imagination, out of which doubtless will come something one day. This story is, of course, shockingly irreverent, and not amusing throughout. But there is a method in your topsyturvydom. You are evidently not accustomed to write in English. Your vocabulary is wide enough, but the words are too Latin, and many of the constructions are foreign. You want a good deal more practice, but if this be a beginning, it is not unpromising.

AMBITIOUS.—Good. The swan verses are the better. Neither is very original or striking, but it is quite worth while to go on. There is not much rhythm in your blank verse.

AUCASSIN.—Fair verse. I should advise you to set it to music, or find some one else to do so, and have it sung at the proper service in your own parish. It is as good as most songs of the kind.

AUTOBIO.—A very thoughtful, certainly not an ordinary discourse. I have no criticism to make on its form, which seems well adapted for a spoken sermon. The details of your career are interesting, and you seem to be on the road to success.

C. L. F.—You don't write nonsense, very far from it, but these verses are all the same impossible. Try to forget your learned language, which is altogether out of keeping with the greater part of poetry, at all events with the theme you write on. No. 1, "penurious woes," is an ill-made figure of speech, because it tempts the reader not to transfer the epithet, and then the result is contrary to fact. In 2 there is a wrong construction. You mean "I thought" (line 2). "Residual with despair" is bad. In 4 do you really mean "mutabilities"? And how can "the truly great" wait in "mediocrity"? You mean "obscurity." The tone of the description is altogether out of keeping with the homely little town, however "ennobled" it may be by associations. The others are made on too artificial a model.

D. W. T.—I do not thing they are good enough to be sent to any literary magazine of standing. A minor magazine that inserts an occasional article on a literary subject might accept them. The style is good enough, but the criticism is neither original nor does it show much trained thought. The comparison on p. 4. for instance, of T. and P., even in the qualified form you present it, is surely false. The criticism of Wordsworth is lop-sided, and as to Coleridge's phraseology being "always homely," what about "Kubla Khan"?. Did ever any anyone say T. only wrote *vers de société*? The essay is, of course, much above the standard of a school essay, but essays on such familar subjects, without very special qualifications, though excellent practice, do not generally get accepted by magazines.

E. A.—No editor would look at a MS. like yours in its present state. It is barely legible at its best, and shows a complete want of knowledge and practice of the elementary rules of writing and punctuation. The grammar is shaky, and the spelling eccentric, *e.g.*, "whiffs and strays," "bullit," "incouragable," etc., etc. It would be better to employ someone to write your next chapter of recollections.

ELF.—Good, especially the illustrated one. It would suggest a capital game for children, and doubtless the publishers would allow the designs to be reproduced. Your talent for writing children's

stories is so undoubted that you have only to storm away for a while at editors' doors to be regularly employed, I should say. You might send the animal story to an organ of some society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, failing its acceptance elsewhere. The sea story is the least good. There is too little incident in it for children, even were the dissertation on children's literature omitted, and it has little interest for anyone else. Don't moralize much, and keep sentiment well in hand.

FARO.—It is amusing, and will do very well for its purpose. The first few pages are the weakest.

F. E. W.—This might do as part of a longer story. But it is not a story by itself. The young naturalist and the moral philosopher are not recognizable as the same without a context. The little sister's remarks are too mature. There is something wrong with the conversation of both, too. Occasionally it is neither dialect nor good English. Very possibly you might succeed in writing children's stories, but it is a little difficult to judge from this fragment.

FABER.—All creditable. Nos. 1 and 3 you might send to a religious periodical. No. 2 is the least good. The metre is a little jingling, and "oath" and "wroth" don't rhyme.

HAMISH.—Why do you change your system of rhyming in verse 3? "Abodes" doesn't rhyme with "gods." "I had as free been done to death as . . . symmetry," is terrible." "Dear dainty, etc.," is not much better. For a first attempt it is wonderful, but let the second be much better.

JESSIE.—The feeling that prompts the paper is excellent. There is little form in the homily, but you are evidently not wanting in power of expression. Your handwriting, punctuation, etc., suggest an ill-trained writer, and an editor would look suspiciously at your MS. It would be difficult to find a use for this little paper. It might fill up a corner in a country newspaper or religious journal, and you should send it in these directions. As to your inquiry, I should say the occurrence is not usual—not in papers of any standing, at all events.

J. H. B.—A very interesting subject, and it must have been useful to you to sum up your impression and to examine the reasons for and against the "criminal." Your conclusions are sensible. It is not brightly enough written for a newspaper criticism, and has not enough stuff in it to make it of permanent interest. But such papers are good practice, if you want to become a journalist. Is "hearts swathed in crape" a quotation? In any case it is infelicitous.

J. S. B.—This is probably the beginning of an amusing series, though the first two are less good than the story. The fun is a little forced, and sometimes purely mechanical. In chap. 1, col. 1, par. 2, and chap. 2, col. 3, par. 1, are instances of what I mean. Your observation of, and sympathy with boy life, and the kindly human nature evident in your writing, may be depended on for providing something readable and entertaining without resorting to such tricks.

J. J. RIDLEY.—Passable. In time you might do something much better. It is a mistake to have used a diary form. The story does not read like a diary. If this be a first attempt, I'd advise your next one to be of another sort. The talky-talky style is not good practice for beginners.

KEN.—There is a kind of story in it, but it is told with so little effect that it is hard to get through a single chapter. In the midst of the numerous "Mr.'s" and "Mrs.'" and "Miss's" and the "ladies" and "gentlemen," all sense of the personalities gets lost or confused. I don't think this shows talent.

KISMET.—Very good. Quite worth sending to a magazine. Your dread of padding is wholesome. There is good stuff in this story, and some power. The style is sometimes indifferent enough, and why do you confuse a reader, especially in the conversational parts, by beginning every sentence on a new line? But the detail shows real observation, the characters are human, and the dialect good. I suggest two corrections in the last. "Aye's warren" should surely be "I'se warren," and "lose," with such a context, should be "tyne." You deserve success now.

LUDWIG.—This is very good, and sufficiently new to the mass of English readers to be interesting. The difficulty is that it is too long for one article, and editors don't much like continued articles. However, it is certainly worth your while to try and get it published, even if you have to cut out a good many of the extracts. L.'s was a very interesting and remarkable life. You have done your part of biographer and critic very creditably.

L. M. W.—You have chosen a stirring, picturesque time, but you have not known how to make use of it. In the incidents there is no dramatic power displayed, and the characters, even when fighting and shooting, are dummies. Yours is only a bald narrative, where no points are brought out. I don't think you could do anything to improve the story in its present form. Perhaps later you could make use of the incidents.

MAX.—Pretty, but a little weak and vague. Line 2, verse 5, will not do. Does the poet's day set with the sun? I doubt it. "And such a sunset!" is inarticulate prose. What is the meaning of "crimson-driven"? Don't invent compounds like "glory-calm." They do violence to the language without poetical result.

REST.—I fear it won't do for publication. Offer it, if you like, to a local paper, where the dialect in it might be a recommendation. Nothing makes such poor stories as real incidents.

M. G. P.—The flower stanzas fair. But read line 4 aloud, and you will hear its fault. The first verse would want a foot-note for most readers. The second is more ambitious, but not better. The tone strikes one as insincere—at least, exaggerated. Strike your laments and admirations in a lower tone than your feelings would seem to warrant. Suggest rather than insist on their intensity. Why "paly"? Does it mean less or more than "pale"?

RASSELAS.—Good as to subject and rhythm. The words do not quite grip the thought fast enough. They are not quite inevitable.

ROOSKAHYAH MYSL.—You have stated your case very vigorously and as clearly as your subject will admit. Your indignation against what you think a national folly turns, however, in the end into something too much like scolding. It is well written on the whole—in a style more suitable for a paper to be read aloud than an essay to be printed.

W. A. C.—Very romantic and very creditably written. But also very monotonous. I think you could have found a more effective form in which to tell what is on the whole a fine story. The style you have chosen demands great perfection of workmanship to give it life. A magazine would not accept this. But at least you may have the satisfaction of knowing that a magazine would accept things much worse.

*[The comments on several MSS. have for want of space been left over till October.]*

## THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

### THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

CHARLES (Father), Life of, by Rev. Father Austin, 3/6 .....Seeley
EASTON, M. G.—Illustrated Bible Dictionary, 5/-.....Nelson
EVERETT, C. E.—The Gospel of Paul, 6/- .....J. Clarke
Holy Catechism of N. Bulgaris, translated by Rev. W. E. Daniel, 5/- Masters
JUKES, A.—The Order and Connexion of the Church's Teaching, 2/6 Longmans
KEEN, J. O.—The Emphasis of Belief, 2/6 Bible Christian Book Room
MILNE, Rev. J. R.—Considerations on Eucharistic Worship, 3/6 Skeffington
NICHOLAS, Rev. W.—Christianity and Socialism, 2/- Wes. Conf. Office
S. S.—The Resurrection Glory .....Stock
*[Thoughts on 1 Corinthians xv., written for the support and consolation of mourners.]*
WHITE, E.—Modern Spiritualism, judged in the light of Divine Revelation .....Stock
*[Five discourses delivered at the Merchant's Lecture in May, 1893, boldly attacking the theory and practice of modern spiritualists. It is an earnest and sensible book.]*

NEW EDITION.

MAURICE, F. D.—The Prayer Book and the Lord's Prayer, 3/6 Macmillan

### FICTION.

AVERY, A.—East Mascalls, or Life To-day, 3/6.....G. Stoneman
BANKS, Mrs. G. L.—Bond Slaves, The Story of a Struggle, 10/6 Griffith, Farran
*[A tale of the Luddite riots. Mrs. Banks has drawn on family traditions, and has made wide researches in the literature of the time. The book represents immense labour, and it gives a vivid picture of the time. Mrs. Banks writes brightly, and keeps the reader's sympathy all through.]*
BRISCOE, M. G.—Perchance to Dream, 3/6 .....Heinemann
CHURCHWARD, W. B.—Jem Peterkin's Daughter, 2/- ..Sonnenschein
CORBETT, Mrs. G.—Mrs. Grundy's Victims, 2/6 .....Tower Pub. Co.
CROMMELIN, M.—Midge, 2/- .....Hutchinson
CROMMELIN, M.—The Freak of Lady Fortune, 2- F. V. White & Co.
DESART, Earl of.—Helen's Bow, or a Freak of Fate, 2/- Sonnenschein
DUNFORD, E.—From Morn till Eve, a Novel, 6/- ..Digby, Long & Co.
FERRARS, J.—Claud Brennan, 3/6 .....Simpkin
FFORDE, B.—That Little Owl, 1/- ..Wheeler, Allahabad, & W. Scott
*[A story of London and India and Anglo-Indians, not very agreeable, but distinctly clever and readable.]*
James Ingleton, the History of a Social State, A.D. 2000, by "Mrs. Dick," 5/- .....Osgood
JEROME, JEROME K.—Novel Notes, illustrated, 3/6..Leadenhall Press
JEWETT, S. O.—Tales of New England, 5/- .....Osgood
JOCELYN, Mrs. R.—Only a Horse Dealer, 2/6.....F. V. White & Co.
HUNTER, P. H.—Sons of the Croft, Pocket Novels, 1/- .....Oliphant
*[A pretty, simple story of Scottish life, of struggle, temptation, and final peace. The background of pious, serious peasant life is painted with sympathy and knowledge.]*
KEARY, C. F.—The Two Lancrofts, 3 vols., 31/6 .....Osgood
KRASZEWSKI, J. I.—The Jew, translated from the Polish, 2/- Heinemann's International Library
*[See p. 180.]*
LE CLERC, M. E.—Robert Carroll, 2 vols., 21/- ....Hurst & Blackett
LINSKILL, M.—Tales of the North Riding, 6/-.....Bentley
Mauryeen, the Outcast, a Tale of Unrequited Love, by Insco Novo, 6/- Digby & Long
MITTERS, P. C.—The Spoilt Child, a Tale of Hindu Domestic Life, translated by Oswell, 4/6.....Thacker
MOLESWORTH, Mrs.—Miss Bouverie, 3/6.....Hurst & Blackett
MOORE-CAREW, S.—A Conquered Self, 1/- .....Warne
*[A pleasant story of a girl's narrow life in a country town, of quite heroism in the midst of difficulties, and of final deliverance.]*
MORRIS, C.—An Unco Stravaig, illustrated, 3/6 .....Ward & Downey
NEWILL, H.—In the Tiltyard of Life .....Ward & Downey
*[This "informal tourney of tales" is an interesting collection, showing evidence of wide experience and sympathies and power of vigorous narration. The melodrama is good melodrama. 'A Jew in Moscow' is perhaps the most powerful.]*
NISBET, H.—Bail Up, 2/-.....Chatto & Windus
OLMIS, E.—Morris Julian's Wife, 2/-.....Hutchinson
OSGOOD, I.—The Shadow of Desire, 6/- .....Gay & Bird
Shilling's Worth of All Sorts, 1/-.....Cassell
*[They are indeed all sorts, but mostly good. The writer has a distinct talent for the making of short, light stories. There is fun in them, and brightness, and they will fill up an idle hour very pleasantly.]*
Spirit of Love, The, 3 vols., 31/6 .....Henry
*[The anonymous writer has written on too ambitious a scale. She has not been able to keep all her characters in hand, and her sentiment flows a little too readily and drearily. There is a good deal of*

*foolishness in the book, but it is perhaps above the average of the circulating library story.*]

Story of Abibal the Tsourian, translated by E. L. Lester, 2/6 Smith & Elder

STURGES, J.—The First Supper and Other Episodes, 3/6.....Osgood

TRELAWNEY, D.—The Bishop's Wife, 6/-.....Bentley

WRAY, D.—The Hermit of Muckross, 2/6.....Sonnenschein

YOUNG, M.—The Girl Musician, illustrated, 3/6.....Digby & Long

NEW EDITIONS.

ALLEN, G.—Dumaresq's Daughter, 2/-.....Chatto & Windus

BLACK, W.—White Heather, 2/6.....S. Low

[*'White Heather' is a pretty romance. Mr. Black enjoyed writing it so much that he was always bursting into song. The songs are good ones too. Between the songs and the story, this new edition will probably send many a doubtful tourist this autnmn to the north countrie to look for white heather and romance.*]

BRUCE, W.—Here's a Hand, 21/-.....Blackwood

CRAWFORD, F. M.—The Witch of Prague, 3/6.....Macmillan

[*Mr. Marion Crawford's romances are being quickly issued in a very charming popular edition. In this "fantastic tale" Mr. Crawford deals with a subject very sympathetic to him.*]

DOYLE, A. C.—The Refugees, a Tale of Two Continents, 6/- Longman

GRAND, Madame S.—Ideala, a Study from Life, 6/- .....Heinemann

HOBBES, JOHN OLIVER.—The Sinner's Comedy, 1/6 .....Unwin

[*Fourth edition of this clever and witty sketch of modern types.*]

OLIPHANT, Mrs.—The Heir Presumptive and the Heir Apparent, 6/- Macmillan

[*This is not one of Mrs. Oliphant's successes so far as the plot is concerned. But it is written in her genial style, and if one reads more critically than usual, one reads nevertheless to the end.*]

PEN OLIVER (Sir Henry Thompson).—Charley Kingston's Aunt, 2/- Warne

[*Revised edition of a pleasant and amusing novel, the romance of a medical man.*]

READE, C.—It is Never Too Late to Mend, 6d.....Chatto

[*A welcome popular edition of Charles Reade's famous story, that turned the attention of many to the barbarities practised in English gaols.*]

ST. AUBYN, A.—The Master of St. Benedict's, 3/6..Chatto & Windus

Stronbuy, or Hanks of Highland Yarn. By the Author of 'Tobersnorey' .....Macniven & Wallace

[*The motto of the book is a very wise one: "If people would whistle more and argue less the world would be much happier, and probably just as wise." These Highland sketches are old and good friends, and their wild mirth is very catching.*]

Waverley Novels, Border Edition: The Abbot, 12/-.....J. C. Nimmo

WEYMAN, S. J.—The New Rector, 2/-.....Smith, Elder & Co.

## POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

BARROW, Sir J. C.—The Seven Cities of the Dead, and other Poems, 5/- Longmans

GARDINER, A.—Rudiments of the Theory of Music, 3/-.....Heywood

HAIGH, F.—The Questions at the Well, with sundry other Verses, 3/6 Digby & Long

HOSKEN, J. D.—Verses by the Way, 5/-.....Methuen

MOCATTA, P. G.—A Legend of Florence .....Howell, Liverpool

[*Mr. Mocatta seems to have had some success as a writer of drawing-room songs. Without their music the songs here seem a little lost.*]

PIGGOTT, F. T.—The Music and Musical Instruments of Japan, 42/- Batsford

Poets and Poetry of the Century, edited by A. H. Miles, vol. 8, Robert Bridges and Contemporary Poets, 4/-.....Hutchinson

SMITH, M. F—Original Manual Course for reading Vocal Music at Sight, 6/-.....Heinemann

NEW EDITIONS.

BUCHEIM, C. A.—Balladen und Romanzen, 2/6 net.....Macmillan

[*This supplement to the editor's well-known 'Deutsche Lyrik' received a nearty welcome when it was published two years ago. It deserved all the praise it got. The two companion volumes in the "Golden Treasury" Series contain the very finest essence of German poetry. Dr. Bucheim's choice in both has been excellent.*]

DUNN, S.—The Auld Scotch Songs, Popular Edition, 2/6 ....Simpkin

## HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

ADKINS, W. R. D.—Our County. Sketches in Pen and Ink of Representative Men of Northamptonshire.....Stock

[*This book is not merely full of local patriotism. It is a collection of really well-written and not at all fulsome biographies and character-sketches of the men of mark in the county. Only a few are known to larger fame—Lord Spencer, the Bishop of Peterborough, and one or two more—but within Northamptonshire this deserves to be a popular book. The illustrations by Mr. Shoosmith are very good. Other counties might follow suit.*]

BRADBURY, E.—Way about Derbyshire, 2/6.....Iliffe

Chips by an Old Chum, or Australia in the Fifties, 1/-.....Cassell

[*This plain, simple narrative will be of interest to all who knew Australia in its earlier days, and to others too, as marking the great strides that have been made since then.*]

FAHEY, J.—History and Antiquities of the Diocese of Kilmacduagh, 8/- Simpkin

Lincoln, Abraham, True Story of a Great Life, by Hendon and Weik, 2 vols., 12/-.....S. Low

MALLESON, Col. G. B.—Lord Clive, 2/6.....Frowde

RAWLINSON, G.—Parthia, 5/- (Story of the Nations)..T. Fisher Unwin

STEPHENS, T.—Madoc, an Essay on the Discovery of America, 7/6 Longmans

NEW EDITIONS.

BENT, J. T.—The Ruined Cities of Mashonaland, 7/6 .....Longmans

Mary Stuart, by John Skelton, Edition de Luxe, with duplicate set of plates, 160/-..... Bentley

## LAW, PHILOLOGY, SCIENCE, ART, SCHOOL, AND TECHNICAL BOOKS.

BAYLISS, R. W.—Preliminary Algebra, 2/- ..... Blackie

COOKE, C. J. B.—British Locomotives, 7/6..... Whittaker

CRANDALL, C. L.—The Transition Curve, 7/6..... Gay & Bird

Figaro Salon, par C. Yicarte, 1893, 14/- .....Boussod

FORNES, E. T. Y.—New Spanish-English Dialogues, 2/- ....Hachette

Griffin's Electrical Engineer's Price-Book, edited by H. J. Dowsing, 8/6

HAFERKORN, H. E.—Handy List of Books on Fine Arts, 15/- Gay & Bird

Herodotus, Book 9, complete, with Introduction and Notes by E. S. Shuckburgh, 4/-.....Camb. Univ. Press

HICKIE, W. J.—Greek-English Lexicon to the New Testament, 3/- Macmillan

LOVE, A. E. H.—Treatise on the Mathematical Theory of Elasticity, vol. 2, 12/-.....Camb. Univ. Press

LLOYD, E. W., and HADCOCK, A. G.—Artillery, its Progress and Present Position, 31/6.....J. Griffin, Portsmouth

MILLS, F. W.—An Introduction to the Study of the Diatomaceæ, 12/- Iliffe

MORICE, Rev. F. D.—Latin Verse Composition, 3/6.....Rivington

NIXON, J. E.—Parallel Verse Extracts for Translation into English and Latin, 5/6.....Macmillan

PATTON, W. M.—A Practical Treatise on Foundations, 25/- Gay & Bird

SWIRE, Commander H.—Tidal Charts for the Neighbourhood of the Isle of Wight, 3/6 .....Simpkin

SCHETELIG, Dr. A.—Homburg Spa, an Introduction to its Waters and their Use, 2/6.....Churchill

TALAMON, C.—Appendicitis and Perityphlitis, translated by R. J. A. Berry, 6/- .....Chatto & Windus

THOMPSON, Sir H.—Introduction to the Catalogue of the Collection of Calculi of the Bladder, 2/6 ..... Churchill

TURNER, B. D.—Advanced Manual of Latin Prose Composition, 5/- Rivington

WIRCHMANN, F. G.—Lecture Notes on Theoretical Chemistry, 12/6 Churchill

WOOD, J.—Ediscenda, Passages for Repetition, 3/6 ..... Rivington

NEW EDITION.

USILL, G. W.—Practical Surveying, an Edition for Field Use on Thin Paper, 12/6.....Lockwood & Son

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Americans in Europe, by One of Them, 2/6.....Isbister

Brown's School Series, Combined Form and Colour Chart, mounted, 6/-

BROWN, J. M.—Stray Sport, 2 vols., 21/-.....Blackwood

CHILTON, YOUNG, F.—Ornamental Carpentry, 1/- .....Ward. Lock

[*A useful volume of the 'Amateur's Practical Aid Series.' Mr. Leo Pansey has charge of the wood-carving section; Mr. Gleeson-White treats of Decorative Carpentry, and Mr. Ozanne of Oriental Lattice Work. The illustrations are numerous and suggestive, and the amateur will find the instructions in the text practical and helpful.*]

COWELL, P.—Public Library Staffs, 6d. net .....S. Marshall

[*No. 3 of the excellent "Library Association Series." This one, by the chief librarian of the Liverpool public libraries, discusses in a thorough and practical spirit the question of the kind of persons that should be employed in public libraries, and their respective duties.*]

DANNATI, A.—How to become a Hospital Nurse, 1/6 ..Record Press

[*There is a good deal that is irrelevant here, put in probably to make the book look not too austere. But the practical instruction and suggestions are distinctly good, and the information is full and exact.*]

DAY, M. E.—Tell me the Story of Jesus, pictured by T. W. Lewis, 2/6

English Catalogue, The. Books published in Great Britain and the principal books imported from the United States, Jan. 1881-Dec. 1889 .....S. Low

[*Vol. IV. of a catalogue invaluable to booksellers, publishers, and librarians. The Index is compiled on an admirable plan.*]

FULLER, E.—The Complaining Millions of Men, 6/- .....Osgood

GABE, J.—Sketches of Yachting Life, 2/- .....'Yachtsman' Office

HALE, E. E.—A New England Boyhood, 3/6 .....Cassell & Co.

HEINE, H.—Works, translated from the German by C. G. Leland, Vol. 4, The Salon, 5/-.....Heinemann

HUDSON, W. H.—Birds in a Village, 7/6.....Chapman & Hall

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